The Nation.

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The Week.

It is war which the Amalgamated Association declared, and the rigors of war it is already experiencing. The swift reply of the Steel Corporation to the assaults upon its property at McKeesport is an order to dismantle the works. The men may have that field to themselves, and the wonderful Mayor who had announced that he would not protect mill-property, is likely to find himself and his municipality without any mill-property. Strikes and labor-organizations have caused the grass to grow in the streets of more than one New England town, and why should they not do it in McKeesport? The Steel Corporation has to seek for no justification except in the fact that war is being waged upon it. In self-defence, measures are warranted which would be, without provocation, open to severe condemnation. President Gompers's apologetic and hesitant defence of the Amalgamated Association, which he promises, in the name of the Federation of Labor, to aid in its great struggle, does not in the least alter the situation. A great industry has been wantonly attacked, and it is entitled, nay, it is bound, to defend itself by every lawful weapon upon which it can place its hand.

The resolution adopted by the two lodges (No. 9 and No. 14) of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in Chicago, declaring their purpose to adhere to their agreement with their employers, will meet the approval of every man of honor in the country, whether he be a wage-payer or wage-earner, or a mere spectator of the contest. These men say that, through a ruling of their President in 1897, they made a record that they had never violated a contract, and that not wishing to bring the Amalgamated Association into disrepute, they will not do so now. They will extend financial aid to their brothers in the East, but they will continue at their work in accordance with their agreement. The moral worth of this action to organized labor itself is immense. It puts the men of these lodges on a plane from which they can command hereafter the friendship of their employers, the sympathy of the public, and, what is of still more importance, their own self-respect. Labor has won no victories of permanent value by dishonorable means. The great strikes of the past that have turned out to be failures, like the Debs strike of 1894, and the Martin Irons strike of 1886, were indefensible on grounds of justice; both of those named were carried on by lawless methods, and both ended disastrously to the strikers. Worse still, both of them brought disrepute upon labor-unions generally. The methods adopted in those instances were ascribed to all the unions, and thus suspicion and prejudice attached to them at the beginning of every subsequent strike of any magnitude. The resolution of the Chicago lodges points a new pathway for the attainment of the ends aimed at by organized labor, and one which gives promise of the most satisfactory results. It is not possible that differences should not arise between employers and employees in the future. They may be as numerous as in the past, but they cannot be so bitter and irreconcilable if the two opposing interests meet each other on the basis of mutual respect and regard, and with confidence in each other's honor. Such a basis these Chicago lodges have established for themselves, and their fellow-workers in Milwaukee and Joliet have wisely follow their example.

Saturday's Government estimate of the corn crop is considerably more unfavorable than the estimates hitherto set forth by responsible private experts. As interpreted by the grain trade, it appears to indicate a loss by drought, during July, of at least 650,000,000 bushels, or nearly one-third of the whole crop of 1900. This conclusion at least jumps with the rise in price of corn to the highest point reached even in 1894. The figures based on the Government's returns, however, may be taken with some reserve. This is not only because of the Agricultural Department's well-known tendency to underestimate. As a matter of fact, the Department does not, until the season's close, make any actual estimate of yield. Its monthly report deals solely with "condition percentages." That is to say, the average outturn of the average farm for a series of years is first accepted as the normal, and the "percentage" of a given State or district is then reckoned according as its present promise indicates a crop above or below that average. Since these "percentages" deal with average yield per acre, it is obvious that the area planted must be kept in mind in figuring out the indicated yield. This is by no means a certain quantity; in addition to which fact, experts disagree radically as to the accurate method of reckoning probable yield, even from the known percentages. In the present case, for instance, two well-known statisticians, both using Saturday's Government figures, put forth estimates of a total crop varying a hundred million bushels from one another.

The salient fact of the Government returns, however, is that the August report on condition of the corn crop—54 per cent.—not only compares with a percentage of 87½ a year ago, but with 69 in August, 1894. Still, the effects of the season's disaster may very easily be exaggerated. It is plainer now even than it was a month ago that numerous offsetting circumstances exist which will go far towards preventing really calamitous results. We do not here refer to the "price compensation." This is at best an unequal and uncertain consolation. We have, however, spoken already of the ability of the farming West to meet the crop disaster. Returns at the opening of this season, for national banks outside the larger cities, showed for the five States of Texas, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri no less an increase of individual deposits over 1900 than $52,000,000, or 36 per cent. So recently as the opening week of August, checks drawn on banks in the corn-belt section and passed through the clearing-houses ran more than 15 per cent. above last year. Finally, there remains the striking fact that the wheat crop will still in all probability reach a dimension never but once exceeded in our history. Among the States, moreover, where the "condition percentages" on wheat run well above the country's average are Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The indication of an enormous wheat crop comes at an hour when the weekly shipment of wheat from the United States to the foreign consuming world runs four times as high as that of a year ago, and a million and a quarter bushels beyond the largest previous weekly record in our history.

A Washington telegram to the *Times* assumes that the recent interview given out by Senator Cullom, respecting the tariff and reciprocity, was the product of an understanding reached during the recent visit of the Senator at Canton, Ohio. Mr. Cullom, according to this account, is to be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in place of the late Senator Davis. He is to represent the policy of the Administration in reference to the pending reciprocity treaties. He said in the interview that he did not favor any general tariff legislation this winter, but that he thought that some of the pending treaties of reciprocity might be ratified. He did not mention the French treaty, but it is evident that he had this one in mind. So we may assume that the tug will come on this treaty, its supporters being led by Mr. Cullom and its opponents by Senator Lodge. In such an event the ratification may be confidently expected, provided the Democratic Senators support it. The Western Republicans may be relied on to follow

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Mr. Cullom if, by their votes, he becomes Chairman of the Foreign Committee. The Democrats will be likely to support it if they see a chance of producing discord among the Republicans. Everything depends, however, on the firmness of the President in adhering to his present intention. If he is willing to fight for the trade policy which he advocated during his Southwestern tour, he can carry it through. But will he do so?

The need of an Expansionists' dictionary of definitions is clearly shown in Gen. Kobbé's report on slavery in the sultanate of Sulu. "Slavery," he says, "as the term is usually understood, does not exist among the Moros." That there is some special, unusual form of slavery in his district he virtually admits when he continues: "Radical and comprehensive measures to abolish it [slavery as it is not usually understood] would at this time be premature and ineffective." A certain light is shed on the peculiar institution of the Moros by the final statement: "The slaves and the masters belong to the same race and live on equal social terms." Here is evidently the blessed dispensation which makes of the Sulu worker not a slave "as the term is usually understood," but a "hired man" without the hire. How should this Government venture to disturb an idyllic order of society which permits master and slave to "move in the same set"? Of course, observers quite as conversant with Moro life as Gen. Kobbé have used the world slavery in no such Pickwickian sense. Mr. Foreman writes concerning the sultanate: "Slavery exists in a most ample sense"—that is, as it is usually understood. Professor Worcester, now of the Philippines Commission, wrote of the Moro warrior: "Inhuman cruelty is one of his most prominent characteristics, and he will cut down a slave merely to try the edge of a new barong." Of a neighboring island he writes:

> "We soon found that the slave business still flourished in Tawi-Tawi. Girls of fifteen years were valued at three cabans (about five bushels of rice). One was offered to us at Tataän for three dollars in cash. . . . Slave-dealers had no difficulty in selling all the able-bodied men they could capture to the Dutch planters in Borneo."

This, too, is slavery "as it is usually understood." Possibly a two years' alliance with this country has mitigated this kind of slavery by introducing the American ideal of "social equality"; but it seems more likely that Gen. Kobbé uses the word slavery "as it is usually understood" by his official superiors—that is, in some benevolently assimilative sense that the mere lay mind must inevitably fail to comprehend.

Gen. Chaffee's final report leaves the missionaries in China something to explain. So much has been written for and against their peculiar methods of collecting indemnities that the public is pretty well tired of the whole controversy. Gen. Chaffee's word in the matter will, however, be received with interest and respect. People know that he thinks bravely, and speaks straight out of personal conviction. He writes that a Mr. Tewksbury presented for his approval a sliding scale of indemnities, according to which one town was to pay $48 a life, another only $17.50, two others $157 and $350 respectively. This difference he finds suspicious. And, in fact, it looks very like carrying over into missionary enterprise the practice of the great surgeons, who charge according to the ability to pay. We have no doubt that Mr. Tewksbury and the missionary societies will have an explanation ready; but it must be said for the decision of the Japanese Buddhists in China to collect no indemnities that it has the more Christian look.

The American counsel who represented claimants before the South African Compensation Commission in London on Monday, objected to the suggestion that something might be done for some of them as "an act of grace." He stood on the law and the comity of nations. "If in diplomacy an ambassador were told that a Government's representations were considered as 'an act of grace,' it might be dangerous. Less than that had produced war." Glorious language to hold in the face of the insolent Briton, but it comes with exceeding bad grace from an American. More than once has the American Government paid indemnity, or offered compensation, as an act of grace. It did so in the case of Spaniards attacked in New Orleans in 1850. So it did again in 1885, in the affair of the Chinese massacre in Wyoming. In the latter instance the vote of money by Congress expressly stated that the grant was not made as a matter of legal right. And in President Harrison's message of 1892 he referred to the placing of 125,000 francs at the disposal of Italy, to be distributed among the families of the Italians lynched in New Orleans, as a "friendly act," thus carefully guarding against the inference of legal obligation. And the uninstructed Mr. Harrison, far from dreaming that "less than that had produced war," declared, in his untutored way, that the incident had been "highly promotive of mutual respect and good will"!

It was no joke for Mr. William Radcliffe, nor is it for Colorado or the United States, that that Englishman recently lost $75,000 worth of property by mob violence, and is absolutely without legal redress. Mr. Radcliffe had presumed to establish a fish preserve on the free and easy mesa, and had his buildings burned by masked ruffians. He cannot sue the State, which is sovereign, nor can he, in Colorado, recover damages from the county. If he could identify the mob leaders, and they had property above the $2,000 which the State law makes exempt, he could cast them in damages; but this is, of course, impossible. The result is that Mr. Radcliffe has no recourse except to make diplomatic representations to the Washington Government. This, we believe, he proposes to do, and we heartily hope he will. We cannot too often have it sharply brought home to our national consciousness that local lawlessness, like that in Colorado, is a national disgrace to us in the eyes of the world. Italy is again going straight to headquarters on account of failure to protect her subjects in this country; and if the practice spreads among foreign nations, we may become sufficiently impressed to revise our laws and mend our manners.

The Governor of Georgia demonstrated last week the ease with which a lynching may be prevented, if the authorities but set themselves seriously to the task. Gov. Candler had to send a negro, accused of criminal assault upon a white woman, from Atlanta to Canton, Ga., for trial. Having heard rumors that there would be an attempt to lynch him if the negro was sent in the custody of two or three policemen, the Governor ordered out three companies of militia and put them in command of a prominent officer, upon whom rested the responsibility for the safe conduct of the criminal. On arrival at Canton the negro was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, all within forty minutes. The convict was then taken back to Atlanta and safely lodged in jail, where he will remain until the sentence is executed. Gov. Candler, in speaking of the case, said that the expense of the military escort would be $800, but that if more troops were needed on the day of the execution, they would be forthcoming, no matter what the cost, as he is determined to have the law obeyed. When the highest State officials set examples like this, their subordinates and public opinion throughout their commonwealths must inevitably respond to their influence. Had it cost $80,000, or even $800,000, to prevent a lynching, Gov. Candler would still have been justified in taking the action which he did.

In the course of his strenuous efforts to bring about the disfranchisement of the negroes by the Alabama State Convention, Congressman Bowie brought out some extremely encouraging facts. The Birmingham *Age-Herald* having suggested that the payment of a poll tax be made the basis for suffrage, Mr. Bowie hastened to show that this would never do, since in twelve counties the negroes paid nearly twice as much poll-

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tax as the whites during the fiscal year 1899-1900. In Dallas County, for instance, the negroes paid $2,048, while the whites paid only $906, the figures for all twelve being $15,316 and $8,869. That this proportion is partially due to the excess of negroes over whites is probably true. But Congressman Bowie was right, from his point of view, in pointing out that some other way of keeping the negro away from the polls must be found, if the latter is so ready to pay a poll-tax at the present time when he is always doubtful of being allowed to cast his vote or of having it counted. While the friends of the negro in Alabama and the colored men themselves find the new Constitution worse than expected because of the grandfather clause, they are nevertheless encouraged by the fact that its objectionable features will expire by limitation in 1903. After this time every new voter must read and write, and pay taxes on $300, and any negro who can meet these conditions is entitled to registration now. This will be an added stimulus to them to learn and acquire and to prove themselves worthy of the support of the white minority which fought for their cause in the Convention with no little courage.

Assistant Secretary Hackett's reprimand of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans is a blow in the face of every naval officer. In telling non-officially the story of his naval career, Rear-Admiral Evans narrated the incident of his being detached from the lighthouse service because of his refusal to give way to political demands upon him, and characterized the action of the Secretary at that time, without mentioning his name, as the sting of an insect. Secretary Chandler has been out of the Navy Department for sixteen years, and therefore Rear-Admiral Evans was in no way contravening the usual rules of discipline which wisely forbid a subordinate to criticise his superior. Had he criticised Gideon Welles or some earlier Secretary, no one would have dreamed of taking him to task for it. But, as we all admit when it is a question of doctorates for the President of the United States, the sanctity of office must be maintained, and Mr. Chandler's reclamations were promptly heeded by the Department.

Friday's raids, captures, and revelations by the Society for the Prevention of Crime should astonish no one, except for the extraordinary completeness with which the alliance of Tammany with crime was again established. The proof was only of a state of things which has long been morally certain, but it was proof—legal proof, apparently—and that is hard to get. It cuts out new work for the District Attorney, and is one bombshell more exploded in the already demoralized ranks of Tammany. Never before, we believe, have so many high officers of the police been caught thus openly hand in glove with criminals, and using the machinery of their office to protect the crime on which they wax fat. The uncovering of this Tammany foulness falls in very pat with the announcement from Wantage, that Croker is coming back to conduct his campaign "on high moral lines," and in such a way that the very clergy "would endorse it."

If it be true that Lieut.-Gen. Lyttleton is to succeed Gen. Kitchener in command of the English troops in South Africa, he will be the fifth officer to assume this responsibility since the summer of 1899. He certainly is not to be congratulated upon the undertaking before him. "Monotonous misery" the Jingo *Broad Arrow* calls it, expressing, no doubt, the views of most English officers, both at home and abroad; and it admits that outwardly the signs of a termination of the trouble are difficult to find. What the English newspapers have been slow to portray is the steady deterioration of the army, and the astonishing lack of vim and energy in the men who are reported fit for duty. 200,000 is the number the British still claim to have over and above the men in hospital, but the battalions are sorely weakened by convalescents, by the need of many soldiers for detached duties, the lack of officers, and the widespread homesickness and physical exhaustion. Moreover, the War Office is having no little difficulty in furnishing those fresh mounted troops to the number of 30,000 that Kitchener has called for. In fact, recruiting for the whole army is in such a backward condition that Mr. Brodrick's reorganization scheme is admitted to be seriously endangered. Recruiting has now fallen to the level of January, 1899, which was then below the demands of the army before the war. This adds ominously to the difficulties which will confront Gen. Lyttleton. How great these are in the mass, and how seriously they press upon the Government, is shown very clearly in the proclamation of banishment issued on Thursday to the Boers in arms. What good it can do except to show the state of harrassed desperation to which the Ministry is reduced, it is hard to see.

By a curious coincidence the death of Crispi follows within a few days that of Gen. Baratieri. It was Crispi who, more than any other statesman, had stood for the ideal of a greater Italy. It was Baratieri who had the misfortune to survive Adowa, that fatal day to the military and colonial prestige of Italy. Crispi had so dropped out of sight, and the great bank scandals had so clouded the end of his régime with the suspicion of personal ignominy, that we need to remind ourselves how potent and individual a figure he was in his prime. He set before himself early in life a single ideal, the aggrandizement of Italy. This made him a Garibaldian, so long as the specific task of conquest lay before him. It made him, with equal logic, a royalist when the monarchy had become "the symbol of Italian unity." By aggrandizement Crispi always understood material aggrandizement—something that a party might set before itself, or an appropriation might secure. When his party came to power in 1876, there began a riot of extravagance. Italy began to go in for the biggest public buildings of the time, the biggest ships on the ocean, a great army, the alliance with Germany and Austria which was to restore her position as a world-Power, colonial expansion, domestic speculation on a vast and disastrous scale; and for all these things it was Crispi who somehow got the money and got the votes. Many Italians hold Crispi quit of the charge of personal corruption, but it is hard to see how history can forget that the worst corruption went on under him and very near him. He lent his support to many useful reforms, notably to the extension of the suffrage; but in a general way he appears to have had no sufficient apprehension of the wider moral results of his various policies.

The death of Prince Henry of Orleans draws fresh attention to the attitude of the royalists and Bonapartists towards the French Republic. Prince Henry, it is well known, had frankly cast in his lot with the new régime—or, rather, had taken himself out of politics for the purpose of pursuing the strenuous life in adventures and explorations in Africa and Asia. Just on the eve of his untimely end, the Paris *Figaro* published authorized interviews with Prince Napoleon, and also with the Duke of Orleans, covering questions as to what position they and their followers would take in next year's general elections in France. The Bonapartist pretender professed to be a great believer in popular suffrage, and thought that if a really fair *plébiscite* of the French people could be had, they would declare for a Napoleonic Emperor again. Lacking that, his hope is in "one of those events which no one can foresee," and which might lead him to "place his life and devotion at the service of France." The plain meaning is a war or a *coup d'état*. As for the Duke of Orleans, he has few illusions left about universal suffrage as the direct road to the monarchy. To him, it is the "interest of the people" (he, of course, understands that better than the people themselves) which demands a restoration of the Bourbons. The Duke endorsed the formula of one of his followers, "Remember that we have a prince who has said, 'I shall come back in any way I can.'" There the matter rests.

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THE STRIKE TO MONOPOLIZE LABOR.

Whatever doubts there may have been about the real issue in the steel strike, they were all swept away by President Shaffer's strike order on August 7. The aim of the Amalgamated Association is now perfectly clear. It would monopolize the labor of the iron and steel industry of this country. On the one hand, it would turn to non-union workers, and say to them, "You shall have no employment without an Amalgamated card." On the other, it would face the employers and say to them, "You shall hire no man not approved by us." Say what you will of the Steel Corporation—call it a threatening combination and a hateful monopoly; it is not so dangerous as this one which the steel-workers' union is trying to make strong and tyrannous.

"We don't want to quarrel with you, but we know how to manage the mills better than the masters do, and we mean to do it." So said the English labor-leaders to Mr. J. M. Maclean, late member of Parliament for Oldham and Cardiff. It was a labor constituency, and he eventually lost his seat for refusing to vote in the Commons as the trades unions dictated. Secretly congratulated by a Radical for his courage, Mr. Maclean said that he had only ventured to maintain in the Commons that even property still had some rights in Great Britain. "Ah," rejoined the Radical, "that is a thing you may think, but you mustn't say it in these days." In these two quotations lies the kernel of the whole controversy between the Steel Corporation and the Amalgamated Association. The men mean to take the management of the mills out of the hands of the owners. That is what Mr. Shaffer had in mind when he declared that the strike was due to the refusal to "recognize as union men those who are now striving for the right to organize." If they are not yet organized, they cannot be union men—but let that pass. The position of the directors of the Steel Corporation is that they must protect a vast capital, and that they might as well shut up their mills and let their securities become unsalable as to place their property at the mercy of either labor-leaders or politicians.

There has been much public wonder over the bringing on of this gigantic struggle when the points of difference appeared so trivial. On its face, the dispute was simply whether three or four mills, out of scores, should be unionized or not. Why should a great labor union be ready to run such frightful risks for so slight a gain? Why, on the other hand, should a huge corporation, with immensely extended and highly vulnerable interests, make a stand on so minor a matter? You might as well ask why a general should bring on a bloody battle and imperil his whole army, merely to hold an insignificant hill. If the hill is the key to the position, if it is a Little Round Top or an Arapil Grande, and its occupation by the enemy would mean destruction to Meade or Wellington, he is justified in fighting for its possession with his last man and gun. The public may have been mystified, but the Amalgamated officials have not been. They knew what they were working for. And the officers of the Steel Corporation were shrewd enough to perceive it. To unionize a few more mills meant a determination ultimately to unionize all mills; and if there was to be a fight at all against that encroaching tyranny over free labor and free capital, it had better be made at once, before the Malakoff of the defences had been carried or weakly surrendered.

One thing should be perfectly understood. It was the Amalgamated Association that took the aggressive. It is easy to accuse Messrs. Morgan and Schwab of being "labor-crushers" and union-haters, but no evidence to support that charge appears in the record. The Steel Corporation made distinct concessions. It went further than some of its own directors thought wise or safe. Remember, it was not a question of continuing last year's status as regards union and non-union mills. A change was demanded, and it was not by the Corporation, but by the Association. There was no proposal to transfer a mill from the union to the non-union list. The Association could allege no such aggressive action against it. Indeed, it would be to suppose Mr. Morgan and his associates mad or drunk if they could be thought capable, in the present situation of the Steel Corporation, of needlessly provoking a quarrel with the labor union. It was by the other side that the arrogant demands were made. One of them was for the unionizing of the W. Dewees Wood mill at McKeesport. There the Amalgamated Association had made itself so intolerable to the proprietors that they had fought themselves clear of it, and their mill was publicly recognized, at the last signing of the scale, as non-union. But Shaffer insisted that it now be ranked as union again, and this without any evidence that the employees wished to join the union. What the Amalgamated officials desire is power to coerce them and all other steel-workers, and gradually to work into a position where they will have a complete monopoly of the labor of one of the greatest and most vital industries of the country.

When such a sharp challenge is put forth, men who believe in personal liberty, in freedom for both laborer and employer, in the maintenance of a government under which there shall still be preserved individual initiative and free competition of muscle and talent, cannot hesitate where to take their stand. It is now useless to discuss side issues and minor matters. Perhaps this attitude of the labor-union should have been more clearly foreseen by the Steel Corporation. Perhaps sufficient allowance was not made for the natural effect of a billion-dollar company on the imagination and ambitions of labor-leaders. Trust promoters have talked complacently about "inevitable" combinations. Doubtless strikes are just as inevitable. We cannot say that the things which we like are ordained of God, and the things that disturb us are the work of Satan. Perhaps, also, the steel incorporators should have reflected more maturely on the certainty that, while they were thinking of the supremacy of America in the manufacture of steel, the labor-unions would be thinking only of their own supremacy. But all that is now past. We are confronted with a demand which stabs free labor to the heart and holds a dagger to the throat of property. An insolent union, aiming at a labor monopoly, rises up boldly in the face of capital and says, "It is one or the other of us now." To that there can be but one answer.

FEAR OF A WORD.

We are daily getting additions to the stock of dodging phrases about the Philippines. The rule with their makers seems to be that you may say anything you please as long as it is indefinite, but that in no case, and yielding to no exigency either of logic or politics, must you use the word independence. Thus, the Iowa Republicans are for a Philippine policy which will "secure the lasting welfare of these people whose fortunes and destinies have become in large degree dependent upon us." This was a successful sailing round the awful word, though it must have given the Convention a shiver to come so near it as to say "dependent." Gen. MacArthur tries his hand at an elegant amphiboly, speaking in his last annual report of what will happen after "beneficent republican institutions" have been permitted to operate in the Philippines "with full force." If you asked him, or any Republican, to define the full force of republican institutions, he would rush off into some other ambiguity. He would blandly tell you he meant the "completest degree of self-government that the people are capable of maintaining." But he would never say independence. He would fear that the heavens would fall if he did.

All this hemming and hawing reminds us vividly of the similar agonized avoidance of the word gold in the early months of 1896. Mr. McKinley ransacked the dictionary to find vocables to conceal his thought. He was for "the best money known to mankind." He would fight to the last gasp for a currency as "unsullied as the flag," as

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"unquestioned as the nation's sovereignty." But when you asked him, "Do you mean by that the gold standard?" his reply was only another shuffle. And it was not until the demand from the East became imperative, and Mr. McKinley took his courage in both hands and at last said "gold," that the campaign began to move and the currency question to be settled politically. Some day a Republican leader will be found bold enough to brush away the cobwebs which have been similarly spun about our policy in the Philippines, and to find the only settlement in one clear-cut word, "independence."

Gen. MacArthur's report comes as a timely reminder of the duty of the American people to face and answer the question what they mean ultimately to do with the Philippines. The problem is now removed from the confused smoke of battle. It is not complicated at present by the strife of tongues political. But it is there, this question is, just as real and urgent as ever. And we ought to see the immense importance of deciding at the earliest possible moment what our ultimate goal is to be. In government, as in everything else, conduct is determined by the end in view. Acts are wise or foolish according to their purpose. The firm-held intention controls and shapes every measure subordinate to it.

Take the simple matter of education in the Philippines. We have sent six hundred school-teachers to the archipelago. Very good, if we and they have distinctly in mind what the object is in teaching the natives. If we mean always to hold them in subjection, taxed without being represented, ruled by a power which sends its flats across 7,000 miles of ocean—then their education would be one thing. We should know at once what books and provinces of thought to keep for ever closed to them. We should not dare to let them study American history; it would be madness to instruct them as to the historic Anglo-Saxon struggle for liberty; in pure self-defence we should have to keep from them the world's great charters of freedom. It is in this way that the end would, necessarily, not only crown the work, but control it throughout. But if we intend to make the Filipinos independent, our whole attitude and aim, our means and methods, would inevitably be different, from the start and all through. If the natives are to be independent, their education must be, like that of our own children, in the school of liberty. To teachers and pupils alike it is of vast consequence to know, before the first text-book is opened, whether this is to be so. Thus far, the Government oracles are dumb on this subject. They leave us, with their servants in the archipelago, in wandering mazes lost of vague benevolence. What the times cry out for, however, what true policy demands, is a north star to sail by.

The one we Americans have always laid our compasses by hitherto is independence. Why should it be such a bugaboo to us now? Why should that word suddenly become taboo to our tongues which we have freely shouted to the blast? We speak now of our "new possessions," of our "colonial government." They are but makeshift phrases. What are we going to do with our new possessions? Whither does our colonial government tend? Until we answer those questions, we have not got beyond the A B C of our difficulties. The historic American view of the only natural and desirable outcome of the transition stage in which we at present find ourselves, is no secret. It is as an open book in our Monroe Doctrine—a solemn national protest against colonies governed across the sea. In 1826, Edward Everett, the orator born to gild American commonplaces with his rhetoric, uttered the prevailing view of his countrymen about colonial government. His reproach of the English statesmen of the age of the Revolution was for not being large-minded enough to grasp the idea that "a wise colonial government must naturally and rightfully end in independence; that even a mild and prudent sway, on the part of the mother country, furnishes no reason for not severing the bands of colonial subjection."

RECIPROCITY OR WAR.

We have been requested by respectable and sober-minded persons to express our opinion of a contribution by Mr. Brooks Adams in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, under the title, "Reciprocity or the Alternative." It would be easy to say that its only importance, in our opinion, is derived from the magazine in which it is allowed a place; but that would not be a satisfactory answer to persons who have been puzzled by Mr. Adams's eccentric interpretation of history, and his application of past events to present conditions.

Briefly, it is Mr. Adams's contention that the United States has reached the point, as an industrial nation, where it is beginning to compete disastrously with other nations—that is, disastrously to them; that those nations are becoming irritated and will, in the course of time, be sufficiently exasperated to join together and make war upon us *vi et armis*, unless we grant them "reciprocity," whatever that may be. Failing in this, he thinks that we ought to get ready to meet the expected attack by recruiting and drilling an army of 300,000 men, which can be put in the field in twenty days, together with an ample reserve of officers and supplies. A navy is still more important, and he thinks that "one hundred battle-ships and armored cruisers equipped and ready for sea would hardly suffice." Among other things needed for the coming crisis, he mentions "fortified coasts and colonies and an effective transport service."

Our Lochiel's warning is not the result of divination or second sight, but is the teaching of history, in which Mr. Adams finds it an accepted theory that "war is only an extreme phase of economic competition; and if this postulate be correct, it follows that international competition, if carried far enough, must end in war." The illustration which he chiefly relies on is an episode of the seventeenth century, in the reign of Louis XIV. He tells us that Colbert, the great Minister of that monarch, took up the task of economic reform, and, in the course of his endeavors to make France the leading industrial nation in Europe, found Holland standing in his way—that is, she was outstripping France in the race for commercial supremacy. Confronted by this fact, "Colbert pondered the crisis long and anxiously, and deliberately decided that it would be cheapest to cut the knot by war. . . . The final blow, which is said to have almost broken his heart, came in 1670, when, just as the French East India Company admitted itself to be practically insolvent, the Dutch Company divided 40 per cent. From that moment Colbert recognized peaceful competition as impossible, and nerved himself for war."

It is not absolutely essential to Mr. Adams's argument that this episode in Franch history should be susceptible of verification, but he makes so much of it and relies upon it to such an extent that we point out that other historians differ from him. The commonly accepted view is the one given in the latest edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which says in substance that Colbert was greatly grieved and disappointed when Louis XIV., from motives of personal ambition and private grudge, decided on war with Holland. Colbert was grieved because war would necessarily throw back and nullify his economic reforms. Since Mr. Adams refers vaguely to the letters of Colbert, without quoting any of them, it may be well to cite a few words from the history of France by Henri Martin, who had examined these letters in the light of current events. He says:

> "The commercial war so well conducted by Colbert, with his tariffs and differential duties, was no longer enough; it was a war of invasion and conquest that Louis XIV. meditated, and there is no reason to doubt that this idea *belonged to him alone*. . . . Colbert himself could not escape this necessity, although a direct and territorial attack against Holland would naturally compromise all his arrangements and policy. He followed the movement which he could not openly oppose without destroying himself."

The historian inserts a footnote at this place, saying that "M. P. Clément, in his 'Histoire de Colbert,' concludes, from letters in which the Minister expresses indignation against Holland, that Colbert had urged the war. The deduction

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does not appear to us sufficiently established. It was with other weapons that Colbert had commenced and would have continued the fight."

Mr. Adams's article is as flighty in its economical reasoning as in its historical illustration. It is as hard to attack his argument as it is to prove a negative. The way in which he habitually mixes up irrelevant things may be inferred from a paragraph on the last page, in which he sums up his conclusions thus:

"In a word, the experience of ages has demonstrated that alternatives are presented to aspiring nations in regard to the payment they will make for their prize. The one is the alternative of Cobden, the other that of Colbert. There is no middle course. Destruction has awaited the gambler who backs his luck, the braggart who would be at once rich, aggressive, and unarmed."

Here we are told that alternatives are presented to aspiring nations in regard to the payment they will make for their prize. What prize? There are various kinds of prizes in this world. The only two here mentioned are those of the gambler and the braggart, the latter being an "aggressive" person and presumably one who seizes other people's belongings. But the whole scope of the article which precedes the summing up relates to a nation which is not gambling at all, but is minding its own business with such assiduity that it is surpassing other nations in the cheapening of production. Much might be said against Mr. Adams's assumption that the United States is about to surpass European countries in all kinds of production, giving them no chance to earn a penny, and therefore compelling them to fight for a living. Of course, if the time comes when they cannot produce anything which we are willing to take in exchange for our goods, we shall not send our goods to them. Then they will have an opportunity to work, and they will probably improve it by producing goods of their own instead of sending soldiers three or four thousand miles from home, at great expense, to fight us.

THE SOCIALIST UNREST IN ITALY.

Cavour said toward the end of his career that his aim for Italy had been a kingship which, "far from following after the whims and immediate needs of the people, should so take the lead in all liberal and practical measures that it might oppose a sufficient authority to popular passions when the mob yielded to dangerous leadings." The great liberator might almost have had in mind the gallant young monarch who to-day faces an Italy torn by social strife.

Our own industrial situation is serenity itself when compared with the present state of Italy. Since the Saracco Ministry fell in February last because of its shuffling attitude toward the dock strike at Genoa, there have been strikes up and down the kingdom. Agrarian strikes in Lombardy and Emilia and Apulia, the tobacco-workers at Milan and Florence, the macaroni-makers about Naples, the train-handlers in Sardinia—everywhere it has been the same story. It is two months since the Minister of the Interior, addressing the Chamber of Deputies, congratulated the country that 511 strikes had passed off with a minimum of disorder, that 1,000,000 workmen had been benefited directly or indirectly, and that the Government had been able to maintain a benevolently impartial attitude alike to employers and employed. Probably few at the time shared the easy optimism of Signor Giolitti, and a week later the unfortunate shooting of two strikers at Berra by Government troops inflamed the worst passions of the Socialist leaders. The Minister of War was grossly insulted in the Chamber, and a campaign of vilification began against the lieutenant who had ordered the shooting.

In their avowed purpose of bringing on the war of classes, the Italian Socialists have succeeded beyond expectation. The persistent Agrarian strikes undoubtedly have a large basis in justice. It is small wonder that a people with whom hunger is a constant experience and starvation seldom far out of sight, should revolt against the conditions which oppress them. And yet many of the Agrarian strikes have a political complexion. The Leagues of the National Federation of Labor order strikes peremptorily, and the organization is so perfect that the laborers obey blindly and lend themselves to the most excessive demands. What would an American farmer and landlord say to such terms as these, which were flung to the proprietors of Como?

"The wage to be tripled.
"Rents to be reduced 30 per cent., and, if paid in kind, the tenant's weighing or valuation to be accepted.
"The landowners not to require payment of rent, or dismiss laborers who are unable to pay on account of misfortune *or other cause.*
"The landowners, on their proper peril, *not to employ outsiders.*"

Exceptional as these demands probably are, they show that in many cases it is really industrial war that the Socialists aim at.

The Zanardelli Ministry, it will be remembered, stands by virtue of its Socialist and Radical allies of the Extreme Left; and the aged Premier, for a moment at least towards the close of the Parliamentary session, gained a real moral ascendency over his unstable majority. The comprehensive plan for the removal of the octroi taxes, and the consequent redistribution of taxation, had been buried in committee, and the Ministry, in passing the supplies bills, was harassed by the Opposition and taunted with maintaining an unholy alliance with the subversive Left, and allowing the strikes to run into anarchy. It was then that Zanardelli, in a nobly conceived address, affirmed his loyalty to the monarchy and his faith in liberty. He knew the drawbacks of liberal rule, he knew that progress was attained only through struggle and often strife, but to any apparent safety that might come from repression—a policy which his opponents had tried with bitter results—he preferred liberty with its perils: *malo periculosam libertatem.* For a moment it looked like the consummation predicted by Mr. Bolton King in his 'Italy of To-day'—the drawing together of the Radical, the Socialist, and Republican groups to form a genuine Liberal party. With such a coalition of the Left, Depretis ruled Italy for many years after the fall of the Monarchists in 1876, and earlier the Italian unity itself had come about only through the coöperation of Royalists and Republicans.

Whether Signor Zanardelli was too hopeful or not in citing these precedents, the near future will tell. For the present everything points to dissension. The reading of the veteran Socialist leader Turati out of the Milan Federation may be the work of a few incendiary politicians, such as abound in that city. But other indications make for the ascendency of the so-called "Anarchoids." Meanwhile the Ministry has taken steps for which it will be called roundly to account when Parliament reassembles. Zanardelli, bravely and loyally, has, in his position as umpire of the Genoese strike, decided against the 'Longshoreman's League. Giolitti, the would-be friend of all parties, has, wantonly, it appears, dissolved the Municipal Assembly in two southern communes. These actions must strain sorely the frail bond that holds the Socialists to the Ministry.

Among all these threatening signs, the relative improvement in the national finances promises gradual relief, while the increasing loyalty to the King, strikingly exhibited on the anniversary of Humbert's death, gives a more immediate hope of political conciliation. But the King cannot alone, as Cavour seemed to imagine, oppose the passions of the mob. There must be, to direct Parliament and represent the King, a great Prime Minister, a man of masterful will and large intelligence—another Cavour, in short, to confirm the process of unification that he began. The heartiest well-wishers of Signor Zanardelli and the sincerest admirers of his personal integrity and political sagacity can hardly hope that such an achievement will crown his long career. One advantage, perhaps at great cost, will flow from the Agrarian strikes this year. That political lethargy and indifference which has left rural Italy largely unrepresented in the ongoing of the Government is rudely changed into intense activity. From now on an Agrarian proletariat will make itself felt. From this mass, untrained, but sound at heart, may arise the moderate Socialism with which, in the opinion of many keen

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observers, lies the promise of a Liberal régime in Italy.

AMERICAN ART AT BUFFALO.

WINDSOR, VT., August 2, 1901.

Very few people seem to be aware, and most people seem surprised to be told, that, whatever else is or is not to be seen at the Pan-American Exposition, there is to be found there the most complete and representative exhibition of American art ever yet got together. American art made a good showing at Chicago, and a better at Paris last year, but the opinion of artists who saw both exhibitions is that the present one outclasses either. That this is true is principally owing to the Director of Fine Arts, Mr. William A. Coffin, who is eminently the right man in the right place. At once an artist, a critic, and a man of affairs, knowing what it was desirable to get and where and how to get it, possessed of tact, energy, and great executive ability, he has secured a collection of works of art which for the first time fairly and adequately represents the achievement of the United States, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, in painting and in sculpture. One could count upon the fingers of one hand the men who have made any mark in American art during that period who are not here represented by at least one work; and the cases where the work shown is not fairly representative are very few and, for one or another reason, nearly inevitable. The dead and the living, the Americans who paint abroad and those who stay at home, the figure-painter and the landscape-painter, the draughtsman and the colorist, the impressionist and the followers of the latest Parisian fancy—the "black band"—are all here, each doing his best to show that America has produced something vital and permanently valuable in art.

In one room is a group that represents what is probably the least contested glory of American art. It consists of seven well-chosen pictures by Inness, three by Wyant, and two by Homer Martin, all now dead, the foremost representatives of the elder school of landscape; and near them hang pictures by Ryder, Gifford, Dewey, Bunce, Ranger, and Minor—pictures which are rich and low in tone, handsome if somewhat conventional in composition, and which hang in perfect harmony with their greater neighbors. It is to be regretted that Winslow Homer should have chosen to be represented only by a group of twenty rather crudely and almost brutally powerful water-color sketches from the Bahamas and Bermudas. To the clear-sighted they afford a glimpse of one of the strongest personalities in American art, but they cannot be said, by themselves, to justify his great reputation, and one would have wished for one or two of his masterpieces in oil, whether marines or figure subjects. Mr. Tryon, on the other hand, is at his best in nine examples, mostly of his later and more delicate style, of which one is the capital "Early Spring in New England"; and Horatio Walker, a landscape-painter, too, though his pictures nearly always contain cattle and figures, is shown in three fine examples of his grave and powerful manner. Mr. Weir, though he has here many figure subjects, is at his best in landscape, with his beautiful "New England Factory Village," as is Mr. Hassam with his sparkling fantasies of light. Mr. C. A. Platt, who paints too little nowadays, is as distinguished as ever in the two pictures shown here, and Messrs. Twachtman, Ben Foster, Coffin, Crane, Ochtman, Dearth, Walter Clark, and W. Elmer Schofield, are each well represented by several characteristic examples, while the gaps are filled by many more that one has not space to mention. Though we miss Homer from the painters of marine, we have Alexander Harrison at his best, and Edward Simmons in two sober and solid works in a vein he has lately abandoned, while William T. Richards, F. K. M. Rehn, and Charles H. Woodbury are here with others still. So completely is the American school of landscape here shown that Bolton Jones is the only landscape-painter of any eminence whose absence from the chorus we have noted.

The painters whom it was most difficult to represent fairly in such an exhibition are, of course, those who have devoted themselves largely to decorative painting, those whose most important works are fixed in their places and incapable of transportation. Fortunately, most of these men have done enough in other branches of painting to give some taste of their quality. No collection of pictures could quite make plain the place that John La Farge occupies in our art—it is his general eminence in many branches of decorative design, as well as in drawing and painting, that counts—the sense of a great artistic personality that one gets from his whole career and from the total of his many and scattered manifestations; but we are able to see here at least one of his many sides in the "Christ and Nicodemus" and "Autumn." If we cannot have the decorations of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, we can, at least, have one of Blum's dainty Japanese subjects, and in lieu of Blashfield's mural paintings we have "The Angel with the Flaming Sword." Mr. Simmons has, unfortunately, nothing but the marines already mentioned, but Mr. Mowbray gives us a charming series of small portraits and easel pictures, and Henry Oliver Walker is quite at his best with his Clarke Prize and Shaw Fund pictures, while Vedder gives nearly the measure of his power of design, if not of his occasional force of decorative color.

Our figure-painters who are rather painters of easel-pictures than of decorations, are even more adequately shown. There are but two Thayers, but one of these is one of the best of his smaller works, and Brush is given in both his phases, as the painter of small and carefully finished pictures of Indian subjects, and as the painter of the life-sized "Mother and Child" of the Boston Museum. The exquisite refinement of Dewing is marked in nine small canvases which contrast with the sturdy and even ugly realism of Eakins in three. Miss Beaux has three canvases, of which one, the portrait of "Dorothea and Francesca," is perhaps the most beautiful she has ever produced, and three is also the number of the tapestry-like fancies of J. W. Alexander. Vinton has two admirable portraits, and Chase two or three. Eastman Johnson and J. G. Brown and others of the older men are here, and so are Sergeant Kendall and others still younger; and between them stand Volk and Barse and Wiles. The single, admirable head by Brandegee must not be forgotten. Painters of high key and painters of low, jugglers with light like Tarbell and Benson and Robert Reid, colorists and tonalists like Elliott Daingerfield and Arthur B. Davies, and dealers in black art like Tanner and Henri and half-a-score of others—here they all are, together, for once at least.

And then come the Anglo-Americans and the Franco-Americans: Whistler and Sargent, Abbey and Shannon, McClure Hamilton and Frank Millet; Dannat and Melchers and McEwen, Vail, Pearce, Weeks, Gay, John Humphreys Johnston, Jules Stewart, Julian Story, and a lot of new ones that promise well. Whistler is exquisite in half a dozen little pictures, and Sargent as brilliant as usual in four portraits and two of his wonderful Venetian sketches. Abbey has his "Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," and McClure Hamilton his "Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street" and his "Henry J. Thouron." Mr. Dannat has sent only one small picture—an early one, though none the worse for that; but the other Parisians are pretty fully and fairly represented with large and able work, showing all the technical cleverness of the schools in which they were trained.

In this hasty review I have, perforce, neglected much, some of it of the best, but I have said enough to show that here, if ever, is the opportunity to judge of the achievement of American painters. How great that achievement seems to me I am almost afraid to say. An artist of wide culture and critical judgment was asked where he had seen an exhibition of modern pictures of so high a standard of merit, and, after some thought, could name only the Retrospective Exhibition in Paris in 1889.

Besides all this, there are a collection of miniatures, in which Miss Laura Hills and Mrs. Fuller show the true artistic capabilities of a kind of work that elsewhere, to-day, is apt to be merely photographic and commercial; a collection of engravings and illustrative work; a small architectural exhibition, and an exhibition of sculpture. The architectural exhibition is the least satisfactory of these. Owing to exigencies of space, it was decided that it should be composed only of photographs of completed work, and there have been complaints that it affords no means for the proper understanding of the buildings from a purely architectural point of view. Such as it is, it was selected by a very eminent professional jury, and would probably repay the study of any one competent to form and express a judgment, as I am not.

The volume of book and magazine illustration produced in this country is so vast that no collection can give more than a sample of it, but most of the first-rate men to-day engaged in illustration are here represented; the exceptions being mainly of those who are so well shown in the section of painting that the absence of their black-and-white work could make little difference in the estimation to be formed of them. This section also contains a group of more than twenty etchings by Whistler, and a half-dozen of Duveneck's plates, besides a few etchings, copper-plates, and monotypes by other artists; but the most remarkable part of it is, perhaps, the collection of American wood engravings got together by the eminent engraver, Mr. Henry Wolf. The relatively small size of most wood engravings of the higher sort has enabled him to include, in a restricted space, specimens of the work of almost every American engraver, and thus to afford an unequalled opportunity for the study of the faults and merits of

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American practice in an art in which this country has been considered especially successful. As the majority of these men have either abandoned their profession entirely or are now engaged in retouching process plates, such an opportunity is little likely to recur.

The collection of sculpture is not a very large one, nor can it pretend to quite such completeness as the collection of paintings—such names as that of Warner among the dead and that of Ward among the living being absent; but it is of an amazingly high standard, and makes a showing of American sculptors of which Americans may well be proud. Although most of our best men are here with their best work, the section of sculpture is dominated, as indeed the whole exhibition is, in a sense, by the work of one man, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The impression produced by his "Sherman," which seems to me to be the greatest equestrian group since Verrocchio, hazardous though it be to make such a statement, is reinforced by the "Shaw Memorial" (altered in important particulars since the bronze was set up in Boston), the "Stevenson Memorial" for Edinburgh, and the lovely "Angel with Tablet," and by a series of small bronze reproductions that set nearly the whole work of his life before us, and convince us that in him we have the equal of any living artist in any country of the world. But if Saint-Gaudens is the "king-pin," there are more than nine others worthy to stand beside him. Five pieces give nearly the measure of the brilliant talents of MacMonnies, and thirty-eight, large and small, enable us to judge of the virtuosity of Bartlett; French has his two beautiful figures from the "Hunt Memorial," and, but a little way off, though not a part of the Fine Arts Exhibition, the "Washington" which he modelled in collaboration with Edward C. Potter; Herbert Adams has five of his dainty busts and reliefs; Proctor has nine studies of animals (he has also some admirable water-colors in the section of painting); Grafly is represented by six pieces, Barnard by two, MacNeil by four, Elwell and Bitter by two each, and Niehaus by three. There are, besides, a striking group of "Wrestlers" by J. H. Roudebush, the charming "Faun" by Louis Saint-Gaudens, an artist who produces too little; a couple of Remington's characteristic sketches in bronze, and many more works of real value.

And so I reach the end of what is little better than a partial catalogue. Not one but a series of articles would be needed to do even scant justice to any one of the sections of this unique exhibition. In this hasty review it has not been my aim to criticise particular works or to apportion praise or blame to individual artists, to comment on tendencies and movements, or, fascinating as the attempt might be, to point out routes for the future. All this may be done elsewhere and by others, and I hope it may be done fully and ably. I have wished merely to show what kind of an exhibition this is, to give some sort of rough notion of what it contains, and to make it clear that it is by no means to be neglected by any one careful to form as just an estimate as may be of the present state of the fine arts in the United States. KENYON COX.

P. S.—Since the above was written, the list of awards has been published. What I have written of the quality of the exhibition may serve to explain why the list is a long one, and to indicate that it might have been longer had not several brilliant artists, at home and abroad, seen fit to withdraw their works from competition. The award of a special medal of honor, "above and apart from all other awards," to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, is amply justified by his exhibition of a series of works maintained at a higher level of conception and execution than is shown in the work of any other exhibitor.

THE NEW BOHEMIA.

PRAGUE, July 15, 1901.

When I visited, at Sillein, Dr. Makovicky, there was present at dinner Dr. Ivan Hálek, a young practitioner, son of one of Bohemia's greatest poets of the past generation. Both are in direct touch with the intellectual movements of Bohemia, and our conversation soon turned upon the aspirations and hopes of the New Bohemia. They insisted that, in order to learn more directly of the progress of the new school, I must meet its greatest poet, J. S. Machar, at Vienna. Consequently, during my next stay in the capital, I hunted him up, but my visit was short, as he, in his turn, wanted me first to meet the pillar of the new movement, Professor Masaryk, at Prague, before he himself opened up his heart to me. In two more days I was at Prague.

Prague is a true picture of its nation. All the turbulent and opposing elements that have for centuries rent the Bohemians asunder, are represented here in the very structures and monuments. There are statues with German inscriptions, indicative of the Teutonic influence since the tenth century; others in Latin and Bohemian—the first, when a certain cosmopolitanism pervaded Europe under the ægis of the Catholic Church; the second, only a century old, when a national consciousness awoke and spoke in the language of the peasantry. There are streets whose names are as old as their murky jumble of buildings, and others broad and airy, graced by the names of beloved poets, like Neruda, philologists like Dobrovsky, historians like Palacky. Protestant churches, especially of the Hussite persuasion, may be found among the many Catholic, while the Greek Catholic faith, the earliest established here (namely, in the ninth century), finds its expression through the propaganda of various societies of Cyril and Methodius, its oldest missionaries among the Slavs. Nor has the quaint Jewish Ghetto disappeared, while one of the most pretentious religious monuments on the large bridge that connects the two parts of the city, bears the legend that it was built some two hundred years ago from the fine a Jew paid for railing at Christ.

This bridge leads into the "Small Town," where, at the turn of the road, a sign in five languages tells that the steep street leads to the castle on top of the hill that overlooks the whole city. Only a short distance below the outer parapet of the eerie palace is the house in which Professor Masaryk lives. It was not yet past breakfast-time when I knocked at his door, and was admitted. The rooms bore evidence of the approaching vacation, when the Professor and his family pass the sultry months in the Slovak parts of northern Hungary, of which he is a native. Professor Masaryk has the appearance of an American, and this impression is heightened by his reserved manner and composure. His wife (*née* Garrigue) is an American lady, and he has adopted her name, writing his own as Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. He is a political economist trained in the most critical school of his profession. He has looked without prejudice into the history of his country, and has found that the vicissitudes of Bohemia have been due more to the indolence of his own race than the avarice of the Germans, that self-restraint is productive of better results than indiscriminate abuse of everything foreign. He loves Bohemia fervently, and would like to see it occupy an honorable position in Europe, but he thinks that this can be acquired only by a close study of matters political, social, and intellectual; that far from blindly hating the Germans, the Bohemians ought to compete with them fairly for political supremacy; that all the heterogeneous elements of the country, the Jews included, are to be won over by love and not by hatred. In a momentary fit of righteous enthusiasm, his people elected him to the Austrian Parliament, where he represented Bohemia with honor and moderation. No one would have done more for his country than Masaryk, but he soon got weary of the platitudes and vile accusations of the Young Bohemians, and returned to his university position to carry on his studies in academic peace. It was a good idea of Mr. Crane of Chicago to invite him to deliver a series of lectures at the Chicago University. The date has not yet been set, but within two or three years America will have an opportunity to hear about Bohemia from the mouth of one of its most prominent sons. Professor Masaryk speaks English fluently.

Having passed two pleasant hours in his company, I was anxious to meet the greatest Bohemian poet of the generation just passing away, Jaroslav Vrchlicky, whose fame would be coextensive with the realm of letters if he had written in a better read language. He lives on the Palacky Riverside, where a fine view is to be had of the river and the "Small Town." I was ushered into a large room packed on all sides with books. There were books on the tables, chairs, and floor; and an immense wreath, the gift of some admirers, attracted my attention. From the seat near by arose the benign figure of the poet, who bears a remarkable likeness to Longfellow. Though only forty-eight years old, he has published not less than eighty volumes of his works, while many more still remain in manuscript. In Bohemia, literature, though a profession, does not support its writers. Machar, the best paid and widest read poet, receives a remuneration of something like seven dollars for a printed sheet—that is, less than fifty cents for a quarto page—of poetry. But then, of his most popular works 3,000 copies form the limit of an edition, while rarely is a second edition reached. Vrchlicky's poetry is of the same character as Longfellow's, is general, and has no especial political tenet to preach. This enhances him as a poet in the eyes of a Western critic, but makes him comparatively unpopular with all the younger generation of Bohemians. Here literature, as in all youthful countries, is not yet dissociated from didacticism, and a work which elsewhere would be judged by its intrinsic merit, is popular in Bohemia according as it propounds or favors a certain political maxim. Vrchlicky believes in art for art's sake, and thus is not the poet of either Young or New Bohemia. But even the older

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generations do not read him, for he is too artistic and refined to be understood by easy-going Philistines; yet they purchase his works and parade them before the world as the pride and honor of their country. So it happens that, though in the prime of his life, he is counted among a generation that is just passing away. Similarly, Machar, at the age of thirty-seven, has issued twenty-one volumes; Hálek's life was cut short at thirty-nine, and at his fourteenth volume. Where such a mass is turned out to keep his head above water, exhaustion, often physical as well as mental, soon overtakes the poet, and at the age of forty-five he is an old man who must give way to younger, more vigorous men.

A more genial man than Vrchlicky I have never met. He spoke freely of his country, but our conversation soon turned to English literature and American men of letters. A grateful nation had made a place for him at the University, where he is professor of universal literature, and no man in Bohemia is better fitted to exercise this function, for forty volumes of translations from all the literatures of the world bear witness to his intimate acquaintance with the best thought of other lands than his own. He has turned into his language many poems of Byron, Robert Browning, Swinburne, Longfellow, Walt Whitman. For Walt Whitman he expressed especial admiration, and he eagerly listened to what bits of information I could give him as to new editions of this American poet, and works about him.

After Vrchlicky, I called on Machar in Vienna. There are a few spots in the outskirts of the city where an attempt is made to reproduce the American system of villa architecture with garden plots around the houses and trees along the streets. These localities are known under the English name of "cottages," and, though but a feeble imitation of our spacious residential streets, furnish the only acceptable breathing-spots in the barren plain in which the city displays its stucco monstrosities. Though architecturally beautiful in the very centre, Vienna is otherwise uninteresting, and not the kind of a city a poet would delight to live in. Machar, too, found a residence within the inner limits intolerable, both for himself and for his family. He has consequently removed to the outskirts of Neu Gersthof, where he occupies the upper part of a villa, with a fine view of the Kahlenberg, which, for lack of immediate comparison, is deemed by the Viennese to be a mountain and picturesque.

Machar is in body and mind a true Bohemian. Himself the son of a poor peasant, he looks like a son of the soil, whose features have been refined by much earnest thinking and fervent hoping. He is simple and kindly, more inclined to listen than to talk. The first time I called on him, with a view to interviewing him, he inveigled me into telling him all about America and matters that interested him more than myself. But when his reserve is once broken, his soft, childlike voice flows in an uninterrupted stream, his eyes sparkling with a brilliant lustre every time the picture of a greater Bohemia arises before his vision. He spoke of himself, but only as an incidental example of the New Bohemia that is laboring for the future of his country. His lot is that of all the literati of his native land, though his fame procures him a somewhat better remuneration. Hundreds of students devote themselves to the most arduous newspaper work, receiving at most thirty florins a month for their labor, and this doled out at the rate of half a florin to a florin a day, on which they must clothe and feed themselves. Machar himself had gone through this severe school, and when later he had to serve in the army as a lieutenant almost without pay, he was generally supported by one of his intimate friends, who has often been to him a friend in need, and who is the sole publisher of all his works. At present the poet passes the greater part of his day in a Government bank, of which he is an officer. He returns in the evening after five o'clock, when his time is devoted to work, his family, and his friends. And yet not only has he managed to write twenty-one volumes since his seventeenth year, but he regularly furnishes the feuilleton for a weekly of the party he represents.

I asked him to tell me of his hopes and aspirations. His face lit up with a kindly smile and he spoke uninterruptedly. "We Bohemians have sinned much in the past; through our own fault. The German element has got the upper hand, and it is incumbent on us, the wiser men of the younger generation, to regain our well-deserved prestige. We are the only Slavic nation that is developing a literature to be proud of. The Russian literature is one-sided and decadent; their poetry has been of a trifling nature for the past quarter of a century; the novel is their only field, but purely as a psychological study, for its diction rarely rises to the harmony of Turgeneff's. At present a low tone pervades most of their periodical literature. We have learned much from their writers and critics of half a century ago, and consciously or unconsciously owe much to Turgeneff, Gogol, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy; yet we are no slavish imitators. We deem our novelist Jirasek as great as any; Neruda and Cech have perfected the short story, and introduced an element of humor which the Russians have not cultivated. Nor are the Poles more fortunate. They have had many great poets, and even now boast of their Asnyk, but their prose is pompous, and even Sienkiewicz's novels, with their accumulations of bloodshed and battle scenes, will hardly survive the fad excited by his 'Quo Vadis.' Our poetry is represented in a great variety of forms, but I regard Neruda as the most perfect of all our poets and as my spiritual father. Yes, we are the most promising Slavic nation from an intellectual standpoint.

"Young Bohemia has done us much harm. We must conquer by love and earnest endeavor. Year after year the national consciousness is growing and new Bohemian schools and Bohemian societies are being added to those in existence. There are six millions of us Bohemians, and we are already 20 per cent. stronger than the German element in Bohemia and Moravia. In Moravia the country population is thoroughly Slavic, and the cities are being invaded by Bohemian burghers. Northern Bohemia is our greatest trial, for there the population is mainly German, and, on account of its vicinity to the German Empire, is hard to gain over to our language and manner of thinking. But there are hopeful signs even there. Northern Bohemia is a manufacturing and agricultural country, and many southern Bohemian peasants are yearly finding their way there, as they work for smaller wages than the Silesians and Saxons on whom the manufacturers and proprietors would otherwise have to depend. In fifteen years our majority will be overwhelming, and we shall be in a position to dictate terms to the Germans.

"We want to be free and independent. Whether the Powers force upon us a Hapsburg or a Romanoff, matters not so long as we are free to decide our fate, as Hungary is. And we are entitled to play an important rôle in the Austrian Empire. Styria, Carinthia, and the greater part of the rest of the Austrian Empire are passive countries, producing little for their own support. It is practically the wealthier Bohemia that furnishes the necessary revenue for a great proportion of the whole country; then why should we not claim a proportionate representation?

"We must create a Bohemian society, for unfortunately there is none deserving the name. There are many heterogeneous units in Prague, but there is no social life with an outspoken public opinion representing its ideas and aspirations. We also want to be free from Rome. The Hussite movement is growing, and if we are not let alone by Rome, we shall throw ourselves into the hands of the Protestant Church. The Catholic Church is conscious of the impending danger, and wishes to check the Hussite heresy with opposing societies of Cyril and Methodius, oblivious of the fact that Cyril and Methodius were Greek Catholics, and heretics themselves. If not Protestants, we shall become Greek Catholics, and anyway be liberated from Rome."

Machar's poetry is a reflex of his thoughts, but there is nothing of the doctrinaire in his utterances. Only the initiated Bohemian who reads between the lines could discover a political tenet expressed in his lyrics or longer epics. To the foreigner they are representatives of pure art, and as such they have been translated into many of the Slavic languages, into German and other tongues. By the Bohemians he is classed with Masaryk as an exponent of a new Bohemia, but by the Westerner who can read him in the original or in translation, he will appear, together with Vrchlicky and Neruda, as a noble representative of Bohemian poetry, and will be classed according to the intrinsic value of his works. It is yet too early to assign him a place in the Bohemian pantheon.

LEO WIENER.

Correspondence.

GEN. CLUSERET AS AN AMERICAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent letter of your Paris correspondent contained a long biographical notice of that erratic individual, the late Gen. Gustave Cluseret. But his relations with America and Americans, which were many and curious, were dismissed with a few lines. A part of one of these American episodes in Cluseret's life, and not one of the least curious, came under my eye, and, as far as I know, has never been put in print.

On the fall of the Commune, Cluseret fled for his life and got out of Paris with a whole skin—thanks to his claim of Ameri-

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can citizenship. During his exile, he wandered to Constantinople, while, if I am not mistaken, Horace Maynard, for whom Cluseret always had a kindly word (a rare thing for him), was United States Minister there. As was his habit, Cluseret soon made known the flat condition of his purse, and Maynard was able to hand over to him the collection of materials for a report on Turkish cereals, or something of the kind, for the Washington Agricultural Department. But, before the work was completed, Maynard resigned, and Cluseret found difficulty in getting his little bill settled. Later, "Sunset" Cox arrived, bought some of Cluseret's odd pictures, listened to his claim for compensation, and, when the Turkish mission was abandoned and he was re-elected to Congress, succeeded in securing an appropriation from the lower house. Not long afterwards, a letter from Senator Evarts informed me that the Senate had also passed the bill, and that Cluseret could obtain his money by applying to the United States Legation in Paris. This happened in the summer of 1888.

In the early autumn I was not a little surprised to learn that Cluseret was a candidate for election to the Chamber of Deputies, and was still more surprised to see him come in at the head of the poll. (This surprise was largely caused by my knowledge of the candidate's then extreme impecuniosity.) Thereupon the moderate portion of the Chamber, not fancying the idea of having as a colleague a former member of the Commune, who had been condemned to death *in contumaciam*, and who had been but recently amnestied, determined to invalidate his election by basing their action on the fact that Cluseret was an American citizen. This he never denied, but, on the contrary, always affirmed, with evident pleasure, up to the very day of his death, and even within the very precincts of the Palais Bourbon itself, as I had often remarked in private conversations with him. But when the Chamber consulted the highest legal authorities, they declared that Cluseret had not lost his French citizenship; so he took his seat without serious opposition, was reëlected several times, and was a Deputy when he died, a few months ago. His campaign expenses in 1888 were wholly paid, as he admitted to me afterwards, by those five hundred American dollars. Had this been known, it is highly probable that his legislative career would have been stopped before it had begun, and another rather discreditable page in his far from estimable life would never have been written.

THEODORE STANTON.

PARIS, August 2, 1901.

Notes.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. we are to have in the autumn 'Seen in Germany,' by Roy Stannard Baker; 'Irish Pastorals,' by Shan Bullock; 'Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction,' by Charles H. McCarthy; 'Lincoln, and Other Poems,' by Edwin Markham; 'Colonial Fights and Fighters,' by Cyrus Townsend Brady; and 'Life of the Master,' by Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren).

The cream of the cream of periodical literature is now offered to students in the one-volume abridged edition of 'Poole's Index' just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It consists of 843 quarto pages in two columns, pointing the way to the select contents of "thirty-seven important periodicals," derived from the four main and the supplementary volumes of the original work down to the close of 1899. Mr. William I. Fletcher has presided over this abridgment, with the aid of Miss Mary Poole, daughter of the pioneer. The periodicals here set apart are such as any American public library may hope to procure, and as might reasonably be looked for in most institutions of the kind. Five only are English, but these are effectively eked out by inclusion of the files of the *Eclectic Magazine* and *Littell's Living Age*, both founded in 1844, whereas the oldest of the five, the *Fortnightly Review*, dates only from 1865. The *North American Review*, dating from 1815, is the dean of the company. Much dead wood has, by this sifting, no doubt been eliminated, along with much practically inaccessible. The great obvious gain for reference is the reduction of so large a number of entries under one alphabet between two covers, with a corresponding economy in cost and shelf-room. For the purposes of study the advantage of bringing together in one place the scattered finger-posts is too plain for words. A glance at such rubrics as Bismarck, Emerson, Gladstone, Lincoln; Civil Service, Protection, Railroads, Strikes; England, France, India, Italy, Russia, United States, will reveal the reader's debt to editors and publishers of this handsomely printed compilation. The possible errors of transcription will, of course, have to be checked by recurrence to the sources of the abridgment.

The "Authentic Edition" of Dickens's Works proceeds with four volumes, embracing 'Sketches by Boz,' 'The Uncommercial Traveller, etc.,' 'Hard Times, etc.,' and 'American Notes, and Pictures in Italy.' To the last named, Maurice Greiffenhagen has supplied six illustrations in default of any originals to be reproduced. There is a fine field for an edition of the 'Notes' illustrated with contemporaneous views of places, portraits, etc., and perhaps judicious annotations; and certainly an index, not provided here.

The curious may pass from Dickens's 'Pictures in Italy' to Gautier's 'Travels in Italy,' in M. de Sumichrast's excellent translation, which forms volume vii. of the series already noticed by us (New York: George D. Sproul). Volumes viii., 'Fortunio, etc.,' ix., 'The Louvre,' and x., 'Constantinople,' have also appeared.

Mr. Webster Davis appears as an advocate of the Boer cause in his 'John Bull's Crime, or Assaults on Republics' (New York: The Abbey Press). His descriptions of what he saw among the Boers, and the photographs that accompany them, are not without interest; but the flood of turgid oratory makes the book impossible reading. The circumstances of the controversy have been now thoroughly explained, and such pleas as this are superfluous.

Mr. E. Marston, the oldest of living London publishers, appears for the tenth time as an author in 'Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days' (Scribners). His subjects are, or were, persons of some note: Tonson, father of the Kit-cat Club, and introducer of Milton and Shakspere "to a reading public"; Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital; John Dunton, voluminous and erratic writer on any or all topics; Richardson, the novelist; Thomas Gent, historian of York; William Hutton, who wrote sundry local histories and books of verse; and James Lackington, who secured at least numismatic fame by the halfpenny tokens bearing his portrait and advertising his shop. (Mr. Marston copies one of these, showing the full face; another has the profile, and both are more amiable in expression than the head as engraved facing p. 149.) A publisher has advantages over other authors, and most of these men indited their own Lives, thereby easing the task of future biographers; but none of the four was unduly gifted in the literary way. The miscellaneous reader will not expect too much of this modest volume, which appeals chiefly to bibliophiles and brethren of the trade. Perhaps the most interesting item in it is the anecdote on p. 25, showing the good hearts of Thomas Guy and the stranger who urged him not to jump off London Bridge.

Dr. Leland O. Howard's 'The Insect Book'—a popular account of the bees, wasps, ants, grasshoppers, flies, and other North American insects, exclusive of the butterflies, moths, and beetles, with full life-histories, tables, and bibliographies—which comes to us from Doubleday, Page & Co., has its scope expressed in the sub-title. The ground has been surprisingly well covered. It is the first attempt to present in a popular form information concerning North American insects other than those expressly excepted. Unlike many other popular works, this is strictly accurate and scientific as far as it goes, and presents in synoptic and tabular form the classification into the main families or super-families of each order. Unfortunately, there is no sufficient explanation of the characters used, so that until the reader familiarizes himself with them through some other book, he will not derive much information from the tables. The characteristic feature of the book is the typical life history given for each large group; in this way a great deal of original and interesting information is displayed. Nothing better of the kind has heretofore appeared. The text figures are uniformly good and reliable; the black half-tone plates are generally good, sometimes excellent, but in some cases illustrate the limitations of this method for bringing out detail. The tri-colored process plates, of which there are a number, add very little to the usefulness of the work, because in the smaller forms all detail is lost and specific recognition is impossible.

Dr. Samuel H. Scudder's 'Alphabetical Index to North American Orthoptera' forms the sixth of the "Occasional Papers of the Boston Society of Natural History." It contains all known references to the Orthoptera of North America and the West Indies made by naturalists from the time of Linnæus to the close of the last century, and furnishes the exact names employed in the original descriptions of the insects. The arrangement is alphabetical, first by genera and afterwards by species, and the entries under each heading are chronological. This index includes the greater part of an earlier work by the same author entitled 'Catalogue of the Orthoptera of North America Described Previous to 1867,' published in 1868 as Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, 189.

Mr. George Villain's 'Le Fer, la Houille et la Métallurgie à la fin du XIXe Siècle' (Paris: Armand Colin) is not, as the title might imply, a treatise on metallurgy. All

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who are acquainted with the author will surmise that it is an indictment of the iron and steel and fuel Trusts which are endeavoring in France and Germany, as well as in this country, to control the production of these essential aids to human industry and existence. In fact, movements towards cooperation in these branches of mining and metallurgy preceded in the above countries the stupendous consolidation which is now producing such momentous consequences in our own; and it followed lines which our promoters and their clients—the mine and mill owners—have not followed. The study is therefore one of deep public interest at this time. Whatever the methods pursued, the object is everywhere the same, namely, to control production so as to sustain prices. Therefore, for the French Socialist, still wedded to the principles of the French Revolution, the present tendency towards industrial control by a few individuals and corporations is particularly obnoxious, and, in the light of the French Revolution, suggestive of trouble to come. The author's information about the French coal and iron corporations and their coöperation for mutual protection is ample and precise, but it is vague in respect to those of Germany, concerning which more accurate details may be found in an interesting series of letters communicated by Charles Kirchoff, editor of the *Iron Age*, and since collected in book form as 'Notes on Some European Iron-Making Districts.'

We have received numbers seven to twelve of "Meisterbilder fürs deutsche Haus" (Munich: G. O. W. Callwey; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). These large folio plates are printed on stiff paper variously toned to render the effect of the original, and are issued at the very low rate of 25 pfennigs a number. The reproductions are made by the half-tone process, which, for paintings, shows the usual shortcomings. Still, it has been hitherto impossible to get at this price reproductions on the whole so good and on so large a scale. Each plate is issued separately in a paper cover, the inside of which bears the explanatory text. To brief descriptions of the artist and the picture is frequently added a note on the method of reproduction, on the technical processes used in the original, on framing the print, or other practical concern. Price and all considered, the series bears well the comparison with the older "Bilderschatz" or "Spemann's Museum." Among the plates at hand are Dürer's "Hans Imhof" and "St. Hubert"; Rembrandt's "Three Trees," and "The Carpenter's Family" of the Louvre; and Ruysdael's "The Jewish Churchyard." For collectors and students of art, who, in spite of the title of the series, should be the best purchasers, it would be a convenience to have printed on each plate the place where the original is preserved.

Graf zu Leiningen-Westerburg's 'Deutsche und oesterreichische Bibliothekzeichen' (Stuttgart: J. Hoffmann), the English edition of which appeared before the German and was favorably noticed by us in May last, differs from the latter in that it contains twenty additional illustrations and a more complete and accurate list of artists, the German list including not only the *leading* ex-libris designers, but *all* that had come under the author's notice.

A casual item in the thirty-fourth annual report of the Provost of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore is not without significance: "Lectures under the direct management of the Peabody Institute have been omitted this season, as there has been no public demand for them." Courses had been maintained for many years, with liberal remuneration to the lecturers.

The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard College has recently acquired from Alan Owston of Yokohama a collection of birds from the Yayeyama, the southern group of the Liu Kiu Islands. It was made by Ishida Zensaku and assistants in 1899, most of the specimens being from the island of Ishigaki. Though consisting of but one hundred and seven specimens, comprising fifty-six species, it contains six forms apparently hitherto undescribed. A catalogue of this collection, by Outram Bangs, forms the latest Bulletin of the Museum.

There is need of a fund of $3,500 to continue the work begun by the Philippine Information Society of Boston, which has many distinguished names on its list of officers, and whose membership is widely distributed in this country and abroad. Subscriptions of any amount towards this disinterested work of public enlightenment may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. W. H. McElwain, No. 84 Essex Building, Boston.

An International Labor Office has been established at Basel, Switzerland, according to the Consular Reports for July. Its main objects are to disseminate information in regard to the existing labor laws in different countries, to publish the reports of commissions of inquiries concerning social reform, to report all strikes and lockouts, and also to endeavor to secure proper labor legislation. The first annual congress will be held at Basel on the 27th and 28th of September, 1901. An interesting account of the teak industry in Siam shows that, on account of the remoteness of the trees on the mountainsides and the difficulty of their transport, by elephants and water, "under the most favorable circumstances they may reach Bangkok in six months from the time of arriving at the main streams, or three and a half years from the time of being girdled in the forest." From Stockholm comes the report that agriculture has been made a subject of national education in Sweden. One thousand three hundred and ninety-eight school-gardens have been established, in which "the children are taught the best methods of gardening, and each year they receive trees and shrubs to plant at their own homes." A condensed statement of Germany's foreign commerce for 1900 shows that the United States ranks first in the imports, and next to Austria in the exports; the total amount of our trade being $347,579,246. Our trade with Russia in 1900 was insignificant beside these figures, the total exports and imports being only $23,451,795, of which $18,413,310 represents the value of our raw cotton; the largest Russian export being manganese, to the value of $489,250. An illustration of the way in which the West is influencing Eastern life is shown by the report of a Syrian consul that "the best customers for phonographs are the Moslems of Beirut and Damascus, who buy them for their harems."

The Faculty of Letters of the University of Lyons has printed its Courses for Foreign Students from December to Easter, 1901-1902, on the subject of Modern French and of Contemporary French Literature, History, and Civilization. A committee exists to make provision for the material comfort of students of either sex. The Faculty's Secretary, M. Becq, should be addressed for information on this head.

In the death of Prof. Jan ten Brink of the Leyden University, the Dutch lose one of the most popular figures in contemporary literature. Personally, he was of most attractive mien, always kind to young writers and hospitable to Americans; and visitors to Leyden who knew him at his home or at "The Minerva," will read the announcement of his decease with real grief. He was a true cosmopolitan in the republic of letters, and the fact that the Italian writer De Amicis was for four months in close friendship with the master of letters in Leyden explains much of the grace and charm of the southron's famous book on Holland. Dr. ten Brink was himself no mean scholar in the language of Dante and Manzoni, but his heart and pen were with his own vernacular, and a long list of didactic and imaginative works in Dutch testify to this fact, in addition to his classic history of North Netherlandish literature. One of his latest works attempted to rehabilitate Robespierre. Professor ten Brink's daughter is well known as a translator of Italian into Dutch.

—A professor in an Eastern college asks what we think of the appended solicitation on behalf of a publishing enterprise. He says, and we agree with him: "It does not seem to me legitimate business; and I cannot understand why such men as Professor —— allow their names to be used." Here is the bribe:

"DEAR SIR: Under the direction of Library Committees, headed by ex-President Dwight of Yale University and Justin McCarthy of England, a great and unique enterprise has been recently undertaken, having for its object the grouping of the great classics of the World's Literature, each book complete and unabridged, with special introductions by foremost living writers, in a uniform library, sumptuously prepared yet moderate in price. The character of the committees directing the work is a sufficient guarantee of literary excellence. We desire for it the influence of your endorsement, and under our plan the enclosed Press Certificate will entitle you to receive fifteen complimentary volumes of this great work. If you are interested, kindly sign and return the enclosed card with your address, and full particulars will be furnished.

"Yours faithfully, MANAGING EDITOR."

—The 'Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada,' which is edited by Professor Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton (Toronto: William Briggs), covers in its fifth volume the literature of 1900. The success of the venture is shown by its continued existence and by its establishment on a business basis. For the past two years the editors have been able to pay for their contributions, and the quality of the articles is far from suffering in consequence. The creditable character of the Review is well illustrated by the contents of the present number. 1900 was marked by the appearance of a good many books about Canada, but few among them were of value. Under such circumstances the task of enlisting proper critics becomes vastly greater. As before, we must commend the care which has been taken to secure a complete list of all writings on Canada even to fugitive pieces in the magazines. Few of the reviewers now sign their names, and though the tone of sympathetic appreciation remains strong, the editors encourage the expression of frank opinions. The geographi-

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cal element, including the early voyages, is perhaps larger than any other one, with ethnology and folk-lore coming close behind. The Hudson's Bay region and the Northwest from Assiniboia to the Yukon are represented more suitably than the provinces. Apart from Mr. Willson's 'Great Company' and Dr. Bryce's 'Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company,' both of which we have noticed at length, one must give the place of honor in this department to Mr. E. B. Osborn's 'Greater Canada.' Whereas the Yukon is much less talked about now than when the late Dr. George Dawson wrote his admirable article upon it for Professor Wrong's 'Review,' southern Alberta and western Assiniboia are coming to the foreground. Here the attraction is not furnished by gold mines, but by the agricultural and ranching possibilities which a better system of irrigation affords. Owing to the false hopes which speculators excited about two years ago, mining operations have received a check in Canada, and the landed wealth of the Northwest is likely to receive a much larger share of attention than hitherto. Another review of some interest is suggested by Mr. Farnham's 'Life of Parkman.' New Englander though he was, many Canadians feel that Parkman belongs to them by virtue of his life-work, and expensive editions of his histories sell freely throughout the Dominion. We agree with the reviewer when he says: "To be quite candid, Parkman's type of character does not lend itself to successful biography"; but to the following statement we cannot give an unqualified assent: "His sympathies were narrow; his hostile and censorious attitude towards the life of the democracy of his own day explains why he shows in his works so little appreciation of the subtler traits of the Indian character." The volume closes with a long and discriminating paper on the late Sir Daniel Wilson.

—Miss Mabel Hill's 'Liberty Documents' (Longmans) adds another to the already considerable list of popular collections of "sources." The volume is designed, apparently, for the use of elementary classes in English and American constitutional history, although the meagre outlines given in the appendices leave us in doubt as to the precise nature of the contemplated course. Twenty-four documents or groups of documents, each intended to illustrate some important step in the development of constitutional theory or practice, are reprinted in full or in extract. The range is wide, extending from the coronation oath of 1100 to President McKinley's annual messages of 1898 and 1899, but including almost exclusively such well-known pieces as Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights, and Act of Settlement, and, for the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, extracts from the Dred Scott decision, etc. The novel feature of the work, and the only one which, in our opinion, justifies the reprinting of such familiar and easily accessible documents, is the selection of illustrative extracts from contemporary writers and later commentators appended to each extract. The texts, so far as we have tested them, seem to have been accurately reproduced. We can but think, however, that Miss Hill has been ill advised as to the sources from which she has taken some of her documents. There can be no excuse in this day, in a work of scholarly pretensions, for reprinting the Virginia Bill of Rights from Preston's 'Documents,' or the Articles of Confederation and Constitution from the 'American History Leaflets.' With an officially authenticated text, also, of the Declaration of Independence in the "Revised Statutes" of the United States, it is mere pedantry to cite as authority the "facsimile of the original document in the Department of State." There are useful marginal notes and headings to the several pieces; the two on pages 374 and 375, however, relating to the force of the Fifteenth Amendment, do not agree. And surely Miss Hill ought not to characterize Taney's opinion in the Dred Scott case as a "report," or be "amazed that less than fifty years ago such conditions could have existed."

—A deplorable custom prevails among most clever magazine essayists of collecting periodically in a volume the achievement of their monthly toil. Mr. Herbert Paul's 'Men and Letters' (John Lane & Co.) is a case in point. Mr. Paul has a liking for books; he has read assiduously and widely, and for the surface matters of literature his taste is excellent. Furthermore, he is well supplied with the piquant gossip of literary biography; he has a facile gift of passable epigram, and a good knowledge of well-tried, historic humor. So far his discursive essays upon scholarly and literary topics have the qualities which make pleasant and not unprofitable magazine writing; but when these are collected between covers, their defects become too obvious. His essays upon such inviting subjects as "The Classical Poems of Tennyson," "Sterne," "The Victorian Novel," contain little notable opinion. The studies of Halifax, Swift, Macaulay, and Selden are somewhat better, but none contain the new and significant information, the careful, closely analyzed criticism, or even the genial, original, various humor, which can make a volume of literary essays worth while. Finally, slightly to vary Mr. Paul's own unlucky quotation from Swift, "that quality of these writings which the poverty of the English language compels us to call their style," is not of the sort to render them imperishable. There is an old superstition, still held by some people, that good English prose means graceful, connected discourse. Mr. Paul's writing will not please such persons. He has been at no pains to order his thought into perfect structural paragraphs, and he has had no care to preserve any conceivable sequence of thought in his abrupt sentences, or to make them graceful, flexibly modulated, and so finely expressive. There is a good deal of rather gratuitous allusion, as if the writer's purpose were to drain a given package of notes to the dregs; and some of the more excellent jokes are repeated. In short, Mr. Paul's literary manner, and we fear it is characteristic of his age, is that of one dictating at top speed to an unsympathetic type-writer. Cæsar, we believe, and Milton, and Stevenson could dictate style; but each, before this faculty was acquired, served a long apprenticeship to the pausing and returning pen.

—Although 'The Alfred Jewel,' by Professor Earle of Oxford (Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), appears at a very opportune moment, it must not be regarded as a product of millennial festivity. The preface begins with a profession of interest in this ancient relic, which shows that material for the book has been long accumulating. "It is full fifty years since I began to contemplate the Alfred Jewel with a wonder and curiosity which became a habit. At length, in the latter half of that period, the vague attitude of inquiry began to point in a definite direction, and to exhibit susceptibility of development, suggesting promise of possible discovery." Moved by a growing belief in the correctness of his theory, Professor Earle caused a set of colored drawings to be prepared, and began lecturing on the subject. It is possible that the Delegates of the Clarendon Press wanted a treatise for 1901 (the more so because the jewel is the property of Oxford), but the present essay is much more than an adjunct of the Winchester celebration. The Jewel itself was found in 1693 at Petherton Park, Somersetshire, at a spot which lies three miles to the northwest of Athelney. The temptation, therefore, to connect it with the stormy events of 878 is irresistible when once we look upon it as having been the possession of Alfred the Great. Its extreme length "is a very small fraction under two inches and a half; its greatest width is just one inch and a fifth; its thickness barely half an inch. It contains a sitting figure enamelled on a plate of gold which is protected in front by a slab of rock crystal, and at the back by a gold plate engraved: the whole enshrined in a golden frame of delicately executed filigree work." But the historical part of the problem is suggested by the inscription, Aelfred Mec Heht Gewyrcan. There were many Alfreds in the Saxon period, and it would be hasty to infer from the words of the legend that King Alfred is intended. The richness of the jewel, the locality where it was found, the allegorical significance of the design, and a large number of general considerations point, in the author's judgment, to the royal scholar and fugitive. Without claiming to have furnished absolute proof, Professor Earle states his conclusions thus: "I trust we are now in a position to say with reasonable confidence that not only did the jewel belong to Alfred of Wessex, having been made by his order; but, further, that it was his work, having been made after his design; and further, again, that the design referred to, and was based upon, his own position; and, moreover, that the jewel was a production of his youth, of the period after his return from Rome, and before he assumed a share in public affairs by the side of his brother Aethelred." While some of Professor Earle's arguments seem fanciful and might easily be opposed, he has strong reasons for contending that the jewel which now lies in the Ashmolean Museum formerly shone in the helmet of the Good King.

—Mr. William Harbutt Dawson, the well-known author of 'Germany and the Germans,' has put the friends of the Fatherland under new obligation by contributing a volume on 'German Life in Town and Country' to the series of books entitled "Our European Neighbors," of which he is himself the editor-in-chief (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is not often that the institutions, habits, problems, and ideals of a people are discussed by an outsider with such accuracy, clearness, impartiality, friendliness, and

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moderation as is done in this little book, which in its way is a striking refutation of the common conception of the hopeless insularity supposed to belong to the average Englishman. For it is just his sober, matter-of-fact, and decidedly English way of looking at things which makes Mr. Dawson so discreet and valuable a critic of German affairs. He is by nature a conservative, and consequently in full sympathy with all that belongs to the old, patriarchal Germany, its rural simplicity, the idyllic life of its small towns, its family allegiance, its reverence for popular tradition. But these sentimental inclinations do not in the least blind him to the fact that patriarchal Germany is fast passing away, and that the main field of his own observations must be the conditions under which the new, industrial Germany is developing. He evidently has studied these conditions both theoretically and by personal contact with a great variety of people, from the princely landowner or captain of industry to the small official, day-laborer, or Socialist agitator; and he approaches every phase of this development—the denudation of the country districts, the agricultural crisis, the rise of city rents, the tramp nuisance, the commercial treaties, the fight for the world's market, and so forth—with that even calmness and breadth of judgment which are the combined result of an intimate knowledge of facts and a mind disentangled from personal prejudice. Altogether, this is a book from which not only Englishmen and Americans, but Germans as well, can learn a great deal.

—When, a little over a year ago, the regular steamer service across Lake Baikal was established, considerable curiosity was felt as to the success which the huge *Baikal* and the smaller *Angara* would have in keeping up regular communication during the winter months. The gloomy predictions of those who thought the project impossible were partly realized, for the *Baikal* met with a series of accidents which finally resulted in a suspension of the steamer service for some weeks in midwinter. Propeller-blades and shafts broke in a most aggravating fashion, and the vessel sustained some minor injuries, owing to the fact that the ice was double or even treble the thickness for which the boat was built. Just previous to being frozen in, it had successfully ploughed its way through ice nearly six feet in thickness, but, meeting with floe ice several feet thicker, near Mysovaia on the east side of the lake, further progress became impossible, upon the breaking of a shaft. The choice of Mysovaia as the harbor on the eastern side of the lake appears to have been unfortunate. Every winter, in consequence of lake currents, floe ice collects in large quantities in this harbor, and ice remains there long after it has disappeared from the rest of the lake. There are several other harbors further towards the south end of the lake, and nearer to the harbor on the western side, which are ice-free very early in the spring, and in which the ice never collects in such thickness as at Mysovaia. Had one of these been chosen, all might have been well. The performance of the vessels during the past winter has evidently not been satisfactory to the authorities in St. Petersburg, and, according to reliable information, it has been decided to build the railroad around the lake, as at first planned. Construction material is now being hurried in considerable quantity to the lake for this purpose.

CROMWELL'S SPEECHES.

Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, 1644-1658. Collected and edited by Charles L. Stainer. Henry Frowde. 1901.

Macaulay somewhere contrasts the incapacity to meet a dangerous crisis on the part of politicians who have obtained office solely by their command of parliamentary oratory, with the practical sagacity of William the Silent, who "never talked at all," or of Oliver Cromwell, who "talked nonsense." The blunder about William the Silent tempts a critic to treat the dictum that Cromwell talked nonsense as an utterance of arrogant ignorance. To do so would, however, be a gross blunder. Mr. Stainer has now provided the world with an edition of Cromwell's Speeches in which the words of the Protector are freed from the Carlylean rant which repels the readers of today as much as it seems to have attracted the readers of fifty years ago, and we may well take the opportunity of considering, first, whether Cromwell did talk nonsense, and, secondly, why it is that, to a man of as sound sense as Macaulay, he appeared to talk nonsense.

Our first question admits of an easy and definite answer. Cromwell could, at any rate when he chose, talk the soundest sense, and could express it in words which were both terse and clear. Take the very first speech to be found in Mr. Stainer's book; it is a defence of the Self-Denying Ordinance, and runs as follows:

"I am not of the mind that the calling of the Members to sit in Parliament will break or scatter our armies. I can speak this only for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you, and for you they will fight, and live and die in your cause. And if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolize me, but look upon the cause they fight for; you may lay upon them what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for."

This speech, be it noted, exactly sums up the view wich Cromwell wished to enforce; it is, moreover, capitally suited to influence his audience; in short, it is an admirable contribution to a parliamentary debate.

Consider, again, Cromwell's short address to Fairfax. Its real or its ostensible aim was to persuade that General not to lay down his command. The speech again is a very short one; it is perfectly clear, it goes straight to the point. If Fairfax could have been persuaded to take command against the Scots, Cromwell's words might have persuaded him. If, on the other hand, it was known that Fairfax was unpersuadable and Oliver's real aim was to clear himself of any responsibility for Fairfax's resignation, then again his simple and direct appeal to his commander was precisely suited for its end. Turn the matter which way you will, the speaker exhibits great power as a debater.

If Cromwell showed at times the gifts of a debater, he could also, when he chose, argue on difficult questions with great force. His address of the 12th of September, 1654, to the first Parliament which met under the Instrument of Government was delivered under difficult circumstances. It was intended for a Parliament which, having come together under what we should now call the Constitution of 1654, claimed the right to question the fundamental provisions of the Constitution under which alone it had any semblance of authority whatever. Cromwell had promised that the Assembly should be a free Parliament. He had, within little more than a week, to explain that this freedom did not include the right to question the authority by which the Parliament had been convened, or to upset the Constitution to which it owed its existence. The position was a trying one. No one can deny that the speech in which Cromwell dealt with it is marked by a certain awkwardness. It is not the kind of speech which would have been framed by a great parliamentarian, such as Pitt, or Peel, or Gladstone, but it is in substance a very noteworthy appeal to common sense. The Protector, though his language occasionally rambles, brings out the essential strength of his position, and brings it out with great force. He proves that the difficulties of the position were not of his making; he insists that his policy has received the moral sanction of the country—that the city of London, the city of York, the judges, and the great body of the people had all, by their acts or tacitly, approved his action; above all, he insists, in language of which even now one can feel the weight, that for the Parliament to sit and disown the very authority under which it sits, must "as dangerously disappoint and discompose the nation as anything that could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare or could well have happened." He proceeds, further, to show that a large sphere was left for the activity of Parliament. If it might not constitutionally change the "fundamentals of the Constitution," it might legislate upon any other matter whatever. No doubt Cromwell's parliamentary adversaries had plausible replies to his arguments. All that need here be insisted upon is that his arguments were very cogent. We may go further and assert that, to any man who really dreaded a restoration and who wished to support the Commonwealth, they ought to have been conclusive.

One thing at least is beyond dispute. Cromwell did not on the 12th of September, 1654, talk nonsense; his words are the language of a statesman, though they are the language of a Puritan, and not of a Whig, and of a soldier rather than of a parliamentary leader. Why, then, did Cromwell appear to men like Macaulay to talk nonsense? This is not a question which admits of a summary reply, and yet, if one looks the facts fairly in the face, uninfluenced by any prejudice either in favor of or against Cromwell, the answer is not very hard to find.

The style of his speeches is, even when all allowance is made for bad reporting, terribly confused. At times Cromwell talks like a man who is thinking aloud and is trying to convince himself at least as much as to convince his hearers. This characteristic is very marked during the different debates held with the leaders of the army in 1647. In the short speeches then delivered by Cromwell, you rather hear his thoughts than follow his argument. Then, too, Cromwell was a singularly egotistic speaker. He is always thinking of his own position and of the charges which might be brought against himself. The reader has a feeling that the Protector is

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constantly trying to justify his policy to his own conscience. This extraordinary self-consciousness is connected with the introspective and personal character of Puritan religion. It accounts to a certain extent for by far the least satisfactory feature of Cromwell's oratory, namely, his constant appeals to God. It undoubtedly does give a certain appearance of humbug to language which, could we feel unlimited trust in the candor of the speaker, we should hold to be simply impressive. Nor, as one reads Cromwell's words, is it easy to rid one's self of the feeling, not that he talks nonsense, but that he tries at times under confused expressions to hide a certain kind of craft.

To the worshipper of Cromwell the imputation of cunning of any kind to his hero may appear a kind of blasphemy. But even ardent admirers may admit that Cromwell was, to use for a moment the terms of modern politics, an opportunist. He cared little for political formulas, had a keen eye for the facts before him, and wished to deal with each difficulty as it arose, effectively and rapidly. Such a man is forced to use language as a means for concealing his thoughts. He does not know how to reconcile his principles, especially his religious convictions, with the dictates of his sagacity. He, therefore, in an age when religious phraseology is the language of the day, is often driven to cover statecraft by expressions of vague and cloudy religious sentiment. Can any one, for example, doubt that the strange kind of sermon which forms part of the speech with which the Protector in anger dissolved his first Parliament, really does conceal some idea or feeling to which Cromwell could not or would not give exact expression? What does he really mean by such sentences as these? "According to the tenth of the Hebrews, *If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin,*—it was spoken to the Jews, that having professed Christ apostatized from him,—what then? Nothing but *a fearful falling into the hands of the living God.*"

You can, no doubt, find a meaning if you hunt diligently for it, but can any man wonder that in such language as this in reference to a purely political transaction men of common sense should find nothing but nonsense, or that contemporaries who hated Cromwell should have talked, as Oliver himself admits they did, of "the cunning of the Lord Protector," and say that his "craft" had brought about the difficulties which were to be the excuse for his seizing or retaining power? This brings us to the root of the whole matter. Cromwell was no cunning self-seeker. The idea that his life was a long plot for the attainment of more than royal authority is a delusion which can never again influence any man of common sense, but, for all this, there was in Cromwell's character an element of what, if we may use the word "duplicity" in its strictly etymological sense, is best described by that term. This duplicity or double-mindedness is apparent in his acts, and even more strongly in his speeches. It arose from his not only entertaining, as did most men of his time, but also striving to act upon, ideas which, being either untrue or only partially true, led to inconsistent and even occasionally casuistical if not dishonest conduct.

He held, for example, that a ruler was bound to respect the authority of the nation, and he believed also, like most great English statesmen, that the authority of the nation ought to be delegated to and was best expressed by a freely elected Parliament, but he also clearly entertained a belief which came very near to a faith in the reign of the saints. It is absolutely impossible to understand his transference of power to the Little Parliament, popularly known as the Barebones Parliament, or the language in which he welcomed this Assembly, unless one bears in mind Cromwell's faith in the virtues and (up to that time, at any rate) in the wisdom of a body selected from among the best and the most earnest representatives of Puritanism. His expectations were disappointed, yet disappointment does not seem to have taught him the impossibility of reconciling the rule of even the most virtuous minority with the due authority of the nation. The one chance of reconciliation lay in Cromwell's accepting the crown, and either prudence or conscience, or perhaps both, or possibly the expectation of some further dispensation of Providence which should make the revival of the monarchy clearly possible, forbade Cromwell to accept the title of King.

What, again, is one to say as to his belief in Providential dispensations, or, to put the matter plainly, that success—and especially victories in the field—were the clear and undoubted sign of the favor of God? Of the fervor of Cromwell's faith in such visible dispensations it is absolutely impossible to doubt. The expression of it recurs again and again throughout his speeches. His victories were much more to him than successes: they were the sign of divine favor. Hence men who opposed his policy appeared to him to be not only political opponents, but something very like enemies of heaven, or, at any rate, persons so blind that they failed to see the clearest indications of the manifest will of God. Nor let any one suppose that this idea was at all unnatural. The close and yet baffling interconnection between might and right, and the consideration that goodness itself is power, while you nevertheless cannot identify power with goodness, have been a perplexity to philosophers no less than to statesmen. In Cromwell's case, the puzzle was rendered yet darker by his firm belief that the Old Testament was in the strictest and most literal sense the word of God. Why not apply to himself a doctrine which, as he read the Bible, he found in every chapter of Jewish history? Idolatry led to defeat, the service of the true God meant victory. This faith, moreover, had strengthened both himself and his soldiers, yet we all now know that this form of belief in an overruling Providence, just because it does contain, mixed with what is false, an element of truth, is apt to become the most dangerous of delusions. Cromwell's good sense constantly saved him from errors suggested by erroneous beliefs, though the Protector seemed to have attacked Spain with inadequate forces partly because of his conviction that Providence would certainly make him victorious over Papists and idolaters. But even where a sound judgment preserved him from practical errors, it could not guard him against the moral evil which always accompanies misplaced faith. Religious fervor which takes the form of a trust in the special favor or partiality of Providence is hardly compatible with that honest directness of action which is inconsistent with duplicity.

THE CLASSICS IN ENGLISH.

The Oresteia of Æschylus. Translated and explained by George C. W. Warr, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. With illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume, with the series to which it belongs, deserves attention for many reasons. It is part of an elaborate plan to bridge over the gulf which separates the plain English reader from the Greek classics, and to build what we may call a royal road to culture—plebeian let us not dare to call it, since we live under a democracy. The attempt should succeed so far as success in this direction is possible, for the scholars who have the matter in hand are possessed of brilliant literary talents and are using many contrivances to smooth the reader's pathway. The translation is accompanied by explanatory notes and well-chosen illustrations. The whole series is likely, therefore, to be a notable contribution to the mechanism of University Extension and to the methods of instruction which are of late grown so fashionable. Our high schools, which stick at nothing and provide a cursory introduction to *omne scibile*, already furnish a course in the criticism of poetry, based on Aristotle's 'Poetics.' Pupils of fifteen years climb these critical heights with more or less agility and intelligence. The schools prescribe, also, elaborate courses in foreign literature, so called, namely, French, German, Greek, and Latin; yet, on examining the prescriptions, we find that they are all courses in English, and, therefore, on the whole, courses in the English of the translators. Nevertheless, these courses are, somehow, thought to be courses in the respective literatures, and the pupils who undergo them are doubtless under the impression that they, too, are studying foreign literatures. It is likely that the impression prevails, even in certain colleges and universities; for one may see a critical essay, signed by a professor of literature, in which a translated play of D'Annunzio's is dealt with precisely as if the critic had the Italian before him; yet D'Annunzio's style bears the same relation to his matter that a Venetian glass does to the water which it contains. Again, in recent surveys of the literary work of the nineteenth century, one might read in this or that periodical solemn and oracular utterances as to the style and method of Tolstoy, and Jokai, and Sienkiewicz, and Valdés. One wonders, in these cases, who owns the unseen voice, and whose observation it is that travels so lightly from China to Peru. Is he at once a Rhadamanthus and a Mezzofanti, requiring only a sip of water to wet his tongue for the transition from Icelandic to Chinese? or is he merely a plain American citizen, barricaded by shelves piled high with translations? And, if so, might he not imitate the candor and self-restraint of a well-known critic, who closes an admirable sketch of English literature of the last century with the confession, "I am not personally acquainted with the literature of all languages, and it is a vain thing to speak of books at second hand"?

This simple yet pregnant saying is well worth taking to heart by the people for

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whom Professor Warr's book has been prepared. Just how far his method carries them toward the spirit of the Greek may be well illustrated by citing, not quite at random, the Watchman's soliloquy, while awaiting the beacon fire that is to announce the capture of Troy:

"A livelong *loathly* year I have prayed Heaven
To end me this dog's watch, while here abed
With Atreus' *hoary* housetop *cuddling cold*,
From rise to set I have perused yon stars
In conclave o'er the spangled firmament.

"Plague on this tyrant fancy, that hath taken
My lady's lording heart! Oft on my couch—
This dank uneasy bed, that hath for me
No spell of gadding dreams; for slumber *bilks* me
And terror stares upon me, lest I shut
Mine eyelids past all waking—whensoe'er
I think to purge my sleepy pate with song,
Humming or whistling, as I shred the dose,
I fall to poorly sobbing for our good man
And goodly occupation gone to bad.
*Tut, tut! No firedrake he it, that doth house,
Mocking my scurvy watch, in yonder murk!*

"Ah, my lord,
Thy household all impatient waits thy coming
With welcome in our hands, that *itch* for thine.
The rest is hush, all hush; a rumping ox
Hath poized down my tongue. *My henfellow
Would voice it plain enough, if stones could speak.
My closet he shall ope, who hath the key;
To them who know not I'm a dummerer.*"

In this passage the italicized words or phrases have no equivalent in the original, or have sustained great alteration. The lines beginning "Tut! tut!" replace the simple wish, "Now may there come a blest release from toils, when with good tidings from the dark the fire appears"; while in plain Greek the dark insinuations of the last four lines ran as follows: "As to the rest I keep silence—a huge ox has trodden on my tongue. The house itself, if it could find tongue, might clearest tell my secret. For my part, to those who understand I speak, to those who do not understand I am fain—to forget."

Here, certainly, is a wide departure from the original, the nature of which may be partly guessed by the plain prose version we have appended. It will be seen that in the Greek the year is not "loathly" nor the watchman "cuddling cold," nor does slumber exactly "bilk" him, nor does his hand "itch," nor does the conceit of the lines "I fall to poorly sobbing, etc.," occur, nor does the riddle of the last five lines exist at all. Besides this, the translator uses some odd and rare words—so rare that most of Professor Warr's readers, we venture to say, would have to turn to a dictionary for their meaning. They would probably search out in this way the meaning of bilk, and lording, and firedrake, and dummerer. The Athenians before whom the play was acted were blest in having no dictionaries to consult; nor indeed was there the slightest occasion for it so far as the language in this passage was concerned. What, then, is the reason of this strange departure from the original?

The reason doubtless seemed good to the translator, and his theory is so interesting that it deserves some discussion. This particular passage shows its merits and its defects. His theory was evidently to make his personages speak, in a way, like the characters of the Elizabethan drama; and this plan is carried so far that they use the very tricks of the Elizabethan stage. The mask and the costume are Elizabethan as well as the language. The expression is even colored by those conceits and devices which, by general consent, were the least pardonable features of that great dramatic period. How far there is warrant for this in the Greek is a question which may be left on one side for a moment. But, after all, why insist on reproducing the play with an Elizabethan cast of characters? The Elizabethans are removed from us by a chasm of several centuries, whereas the Athenian audience who first witnessed the Agamemnon heard their own spoken language, barring the special idiom and sovereign coinage of Aeschylus himself, and the common stock of poetic vocabulary and inflections that had descended mainly from the epic and lyric poems. The coinage of Aeschylus was sometimes strange, slightly bizarre, and not easy to understand; we have the testimony of Aristophanes for this—a rather partial and favorable witness. The stock descended from Homeric times may reasonably be compared to that of the Bible and Shakspere. It was, however, no definite stream, keeping its separate channels; it had, on the contrary, become thoroughly mixed with all the familar currents and sources of poetry. It was at once artificial and at the same time perfectly plastic and familiar to the minds of the audience; it was, in fine, the result of a long growth of artistic tradition. All that we are saying of it proves, indeed, how impossible it is to transplant such a special growth, to imitate its delicate shades and colors and fibres of far-drawn associations, woven and dyed as the vesture of the thoughts of a great master. And yet a large part of this vocabulary was spoken on the streets of Athens; and the English translator was certainly not bound to go farther back for its antique cast than the language, we will say, of Shelley's "The Cenci."

When we come to particulars, let us see how well Professor Warr's theory fits in the passage we have cited. It is certainly an extremely clever imitation of Elizabethan style, of its conventions, its mannerisms. Here we have a rustic who must be blunt and quaint, he must talk quips and conceits. He must wear the mask of an Elizabethan servant or clown; and this bizarre transformation the translator has managed triumphantly, if such a triumph is to be desired. But success of this kind is only a glorified counterpart of the achievement that is expected of the young student who goes in, we will say, for the Ireland Scholarship or the Oriel Fellowship. He is expected to turn some bit of Bishop Berkeley or Burke or Tennyson into a style adorned with patches from Plato or Demosthenes or Euripides. And this does him no harm, while it pleases his examiner. But Professor Warr's experiment, however interesting and clever, may seriously mislead and delude the trusting folk who submit themselves to his guidance. They will receive a curiously false impression of tone and color in a region where the Greek tragedians observed great delicacy and nicety of discrimination. For the Aeschylean watchman does not in the least talk like the porter at the gate of Macbeth. His quality is marked off by a few proverbs, antitheses, and unexpected turns of thought, by reference to his occupation, and perhaps by a single homely comparison; but, apart from this, there is not a word in his speech that might not have been used by Agamemnon or Clytæmnestra. The complex whimsicality of the last four lines is the invention of the translator, helped by the ingenuity of Dr. Verrall. It is quite true that, on the Periclean stage, a messenger, or a watchman, or a nurse easily betrayed his character and rank. The guard who reports his capture of Antigone reminds us slightly of Launcelot Gobbo, and Phædra's nurse recalls in some traits the nurse of Juliet. But the distinction between their great personages and the humble folk is sketched by Sophocles and Aeschylus with the most delicate moderation and reserve. Hence the Shaksperian mask does not serve here. The features are distorted, the colors are too thick and high; and the same is the case with the translator's exaggeration of the garrulous nurse of Orestes. It was always thought that Aeschylus here was sufficiently outspoken and hardy, for the Greek tragic muse is decent to the verge of prudery; but our translator's nurse gives us qualms of uneasiness, and we feel that his infant should be removed from the stage as rapidly as possible.

In the lyrical passages the translator has essayed "the somewhat difficult method of modulated prose"—a method difficult, indeed, and in which success is much to be desired. From a literary point of view, no one could wish a better fate for the choruses of Aeschylus and Sophocles than that of Isaiah and the book of Job in King James's version. So thought the late Dr. Jowett and so thinks also Mr. Swinburne. If any excuse might justify exorcising a Bishop from his peaceful rest, it might be to assist in such a task; if anything might serve as a spell to wake the reverend dead, it would probably be the reading above his grave of select passages from the Bohn series. It is no dispraise of Mr. Warr's prose to say that it might have been improved by the collaboration of a Bishop: "Such doom the seer shrieked and ample boons therewith, foretold of the wayside fowl. Welaway! Sing Ailinon! Ailinon! Weal better woe." Such riddles could never have been written by the magician who made Job say, "Then had I been at rest—with kings and counsellors of the earth which built desolate places for themselves." This particular secret of expression seems to be buried and lost for the Alexandrians of the present century. With all his pains and earnestness, Mr. Warr's web is not of even texture—it is not of one piece, nor of one literary period. It is too evidently wrought of patches. Here and there a quaint word or phrase out of due season thrusts itself on the eye and ear, and gives a sense of discord and discomfort. A few pages offer these specimens: browsick, sootied, surling, dizzard, ballotin, abroach, horn and halyard, overthwarted. Surely the Athenians of his own time heard nothing so strange as this from Aeschylus.

The anapæsts of the chorus are represented by unrhymed trochaic systems which strike the American ear oddly by reason of their association with "Hiawatha" and "Yankee Doodle." We doubt whether the English ear detects harmony or dignity in lines such as these:

"Seed of Atreus! scourge of Troia!
Oh, what stately
Speech befits my liege? What homage
Nice, nor turning short nor duty's
Mark o'ershooting?"

Yet these are designed to suggest the march of anapæsts, which have the stately forward rush of a brig with all sails spread, plunging over a billowy sea. The anapæstic is far from being an alien rhythm in English; and Mr. Way has lately proved this, following with discretion and success the brilliant guidance of Mr. Swinburne.

But the choruses have always been the despair and stumbling-block of translators. The dialogue, on the other hand, consti-

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tutes, as a rule, a good three-quarters of each play, and in the dialogue Mr. Warr shows himself master of a sustained, sonorous, and vigorous rhetoric, which really gives the reader no inadequate impression of the power and sweep of the Aeschylean line. It is a pity that space forbids us to prove this by citations of the murder-scene in the "Choephorœ," or the famous description of the beacon race in the "Agamemnon," closing with the fine line: "The lineal child of Ida's parent flame." Lines as felicitous could be multiplied by the score. And since we have been forced to dwell on the weaker side of this work, it is the barest justice to cite one brief passage which gives some conception of the translator's best manner, its peculiarities and its decided merits. The speaker is Apollo in the "Choephorœ":

"Not so, ye loathly fiends, abhorred of Heaven.
That was no deadly hurt. Who binds may loose
As lightly of his own resource. But none
Can raise to life the dead whose mortal blood
Earth's dust hath drunk. Yon emperor, my sire,
Who shuffles the vast world without a throb
Of his indomitable heart, e'en he
Is master of no spell to charm the grave."

To sum up, then, Mr. Warr's method is interesting and clever, and it has the crowning merit of making the actors live. We are not complaining in the least of a process by which the translator takes the whole of a passage, inspires himself with its spirit, and redelivers it with *élan* and vivacity; on the contrary, he is to be highly praised for adopting this method and using it in general with great success. But our duty is to remind the simple traveller that he is at the mercy of his cicerone and interpreter, and to set up a warning sign-post, "No royal road this way to the realms of gold." You cannot really transport Cairo or the Piazza San Marco or the Acropolis of Athens to a "Midway Plaisance"; and, in the same way, we cannot take Goethe or Molière or Dante into our hearts and homes, and transform them into Englishmen—much less can we work such a transformation for Homer or Æschylus. We must, on the contrary, go out to meet them. We shall never know what they have to offer, nor all they have to offer, until we have taken this labor and pains to meet them half way. To read foreign literature may perhaps be regarded as a luxury, like foreign travel; to read Greek literature as an extravagant and undemocratic luxury, like travel cheered by draughts of champagne or pearls dissolved in vinegar. But the moralist need not frown severely on this indulgence, since it costs not other people's time and labor, but our own.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 448.

It is a curious fact that while the veteran professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge was writing in England about the Chinese encyclopædia of 500,000 pages, compiled after three years' work by 2,169 scholars, a copy of which was in the library of the Han-lin College in Pekin, this most famous of all the libraries in China was going up to the skies in fire and smoke, though the professor's son, Mr. Launcelot Giles, who went through the sieges in Pekin, secured volume 13,345 for himself. There are few men conversant with Chinese who would, we imagine, attempt to compress the story of the nation's literature in a space so small as this duodecimo. Mr. Giles, however, who spent the best part of his lifetime in China among books and scholars, has the powers both of bravery and brevity. In spite of his plentiful criticism, often severe, one can see that he enjoys his task of setting before the Western reader the results of thirty centuries of Chinese thinking and writing. He presents specimens in translations, and chapters of condensation and description, amply sufficient to give that impatient person, the Occidental, as fair an idea as is possible to any one living outside of China of the themes that occupy the mind of the sons of Han and the form and spirit of their literary activity.

Whatever sinologues may say in praise of the terseness of Chinese prose, of its jewelled sentences and sparkling mosaics of quotation or allusion, the language has the shocking limitation of being, phonetically at least, the baby talk of the race, fossilized. In other words, Chinese writing came into being so soon that it kept the expression of thought within bands as of rock and iron. For a foreigner, it is next to impossible to have or to gain pleasing associations with continuous monosyllables, while for the Chinese themselves these form an almost insuperable barrier to progress—as the rest of civilized humanity understand that term. Even in modern times, the lines of the expansion of language in China are antipodally different from those in other lands. With a surprising poverty of phonation there can of necessity be riches only in the direction of graphic symbols which appeal to the eye, the sight assisting hearing. In the spoken language a few score sounds are made into several hundred by each enunciation having several tones. The Chinese, in developing his power of expressing ideas, has done it not with the tongue, but with the pen. To one sound he has in some cases given two and three hundred, and in one or two cases four hundred, written expressions. Thus, in the course of three millenniums, he has reached a total of several tens of thousands, possibly even as many as eighty-five thousand, of written characters. Hence it is that Chinese literature, with its homophony, its absolutely untranslatable puns and plays on words, and, above all, its necessity of being known by the eye rather than by the ear—for the book language of China has no sense to the average Chinese hearer unless he be a trained scholar—loses so much of what charms the native man of culture that it takes a bold man to essay the task here done so well. Indeed, it would be absurd for one to judge the literature by any presentation of it in English, however choice. Even the grandeur and sublimity which we have enjoyed in reading in the original some of the ancient poems, seem in their expression in this book to partake more of a pragmatic Britisher than of a sensitive-souled Chinaman.

We do not charge Professor Giles with lack of ability. In his pages we catch occasionally something of the ancient breath of the Chinese poets who were responsive to the charms of nature, as for example—

"Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hand can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose."

In other renderings he is sprightly and expert to the last degree. On the whole, he has avoided the temptation of giving, on the one hand, any gloss of style or richness of thought and fancy which is not, or, on the other, of bleaching out whatever color bloomed, in the Chinese original. He has done his task well in setting forth in due proportion of comment, criticism, and translation the eight different divisions, historically considered, of Chinese literature. He starts from the sixth century B. C., when China consisted of a number of feudal states between the Yellow and the Yangtsze Rivers, which were ruled by nobles owning allegiance to a central state, or Middle Kingdom, at the head of which was a king. Even then the natives possessed a script practically identical with the writing of to-day. When Confucius, the typical historian, moralist, sage, and literary man, appeared, the whole weight of his influence was for conservatism and not for progress, either in politics, religion, or literature, either in form or in spirit. The Han dynasty (B. C. 200—A. D. 200) was a time of restoration, dictionary-making, and stereotyping of what already existed, though Buddhism brought in a great train of civilizing and stimulating influences. As to material used, while in other civilizations the order was stone, skin, paper, the Chinese seem to have omitted the middle term, using chisel and brush-pen. The epoch of the minor dynasties, from A. D. 200 to 600, was one largely of classical scholarship; but, under the Tang line of rulers, from 600 to 900 A. D., there was a grand outburst of poetry and general literature, followed in the Sung era (900-1200 A. D.) by the invention of printing and a gorgeous bloom of activity in every line of literary endeavor.

Professor Giles's limitations of space prevent him from treating of that tremendous outbreak of Chinese populism, in the twelfth century, which compelled close and deep thinking, and examination of the bases of knowledge and of society, that resulted in a restatement of Chinese orthodoxy. The ultimate issue was that representation of China's intellectual inheritance which has furnished the native literati of to-day, together with the Korean, the Japanese of the old school, and in fact the educated man in every nation pupil to China, with his mental outfit. Confucianism has thus become not merely a code of morals or body of traditions, but a general rule of life, an organon by which all new knowledge, principles, or discoveries are to be regulated and assimilated. The Mongols (A. D. 1200-1368) introduced what were practically innovations, and very welcome ones, namely, the drama and the novel. From this time forth, literary activity in these directions was very marked, calling into existence new classes of professionals, and furnishing the theatre and the lodge of the street story-teller with abundant material. Under the pure Chinese or Ming dynasty (1368-1644), this impulse towards works of the imagination continued, along with a revival of literature devoted to the useful things of life, especially in medicine and agriculture.

The present rulers were rough riders off the plains, and to this day "the horsey Tartars" are spoken of with contempt. Yet, once settled in Pekin and in the empire, these Mantchus, through luxury, intermarriage, and environment, changed totally. They became as Chinese as the natives themselves. Under their patronage the study of ancient literature was encouraged, while the pens of the poet, dramatist, novelist, and

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especially the editor and enclyclopædist, entered upon new activity. It is in these modern times that what may be called "wall literature" has become such a power in the hands of the literati for the manufacture of public opinion. Journalism, that sharp thorn in the official side, is of recent birth.

In his final chapter, Professor Giles shows that as a rule translations of foreign literary masterpieces are a failure because they are deficient in style. An educated Chinaman will not look at anything, even the very best foreign product, unless it is offered him in good literary form. Hence the wisdom of those missionaries who realize that an ounce of gospel in good Chinese is worth a ton of broken lingo. Much of what to us is gold is dross to the Chinese, because poorly expressed. The pearl must come in a case of silk, and not in "a shovel of swine muck," if it is to be looked upon as the pearl of great price. The Chinese gentleman's over-fastidious taste is the salt of life, but also the paralysis of growth, for not only does what is old "win a glory from its being far," but it wins it in geometrical ratio. A man may honor his father, but he reveres his grandfather, worships his ancestors, and deifies the founders of the nation.

In the literature of proverbs, the small coin of human experience, the Chinese are very rich. Almost as matter of course, the wit and humor enjoyed "Within the Four Seas" cannot well cross the frontiers. Professor Giles has picked out a few which poke fun at the doctor, the artist, and the magician who fail, at the woman who conceals her age, and the scamp who poses as an injured innocent. In one case, the god of the target comes to the rescue of a general hard-pressed in battle, and gratefully assists him to win a victory, answering the surprised inquiring general thus: "I am grateful to you because, in your days of practice, you never once hit me." The index is wholly one of Chinese names.

A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, Architect. With drawings by the author, and other illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. xii, 323.

This is a well-made abridgment of a work by the same author, published in 1897 and bearing the same title minus the word "Short," together with a fair selection of the illustrations. About one-quarter of the full-page plates are reproduced on a smaller scale, and a somewhat larger proportion of the text illustrations are retained, in addition to which there is a folding plate, "The Five Orders of Palladio as Given in Freart's 'Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern.'" The reason for inserting this supplementary plate is stated in the preface to be "the great technical importance in the architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries" of these orders as determined by Palladio.

English writers continue to use the word Renaissance as characterizing all the neo-classic architecture, whether it is counted from the first appearance of the classical revival in Italy, or from its commencement in France or in Germany, or from the work of Inigo Jones in England. The more accurate use of the term by Italian and French writers, usually followed now by Americans who are writing with any care, is in every way preferable. To one who has accustomed himself to the historical point of view corresponding to the use of the term, it seems as great a misnomer to speak of St. Paul's Cathedral as a work of the Renaissance, or still more to label in that way an eighteenth-century design like the Horseguards in London, as it would be to call the church of St. Roch or the Superga Renaissance buildings. In every country of Europe except England the Renaissance had its well-marked beginning and its almost equally determinable close; and in England, while writers, in view of the peculiarly developed style which we call Elizabethan, will always dispute over the beginnings of the Renaissance, it is equally certain that if Great Britain knew any Renaissance at all, it was during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and that the buildings which followed the Civil War at least are outside of any such category as that.

The work before us, then, is concerned with the whole body of revived classical building in England down to the close of the eighteenth century. The architects of the eighteenth century, Hawksmoor, Gibbs, and Sir William Chambers, are well criticised in detail, and their work well summed up in a few words in the Conclusion, and with them the story ends. The last paragraph of the Conclusion points out that it is true in England, as elsewhere in the modern world, that modern conditions are against the growing up of any good tradition of work, and that "the arts do not express the finest intelligence of the country." It is for this reason, of course, that the nineteenth century is not included in the inquiry before us. The historian might, indeed, go on with his record through a couple of decades more—the drawing of the line at 1800 is, of course, arbitrary; but it would seem that in England, as during the contemporary First Empire of the French, the record of the first quarter of the nineteenth century is not so clear, nor the subjects dealt with so valuable, that the history must needs be continued until its close. With 1825 there began, of course, "revivals" of one sort and another, and the career of conscious imitation through which we have been blundering ever since, and the history of the first quarter-century can only be a preface to that unhappy record.

Mr. Blomfield's book, whether we consider the large treatise or the small handbook, is an excellent one, full of clear perception, and showing an abundant knowledge of detail, which, however, the author is at pains not to draw upon too much in the smaller volume. He remarks in the preface that what the student needs is "a clear grasp of the historical development of the movement"; and no one will disagree with that view. The use of details for the student is merely to fix the fact of the historical development firmly in his mind. The vital question in any such handbook as the one we are considering is, whether the comparative absence of detail leaves the work uninteresting and of such a character that the beginner will hardly remember the important facts. The answer to this question seems favorable in the present case. The book before us, if we read with any care at all and with the occasional looking up of a biography or date, will assuredly give the reader a clear idea of the architecture of England from the time of Elizabeth to the time of George III.

The constantly apologetic tone of the works of English writers upon the fine arts is noteworthy. To read by itself an article in an English periodical, or the text of a book on English art, one would suppose that the merits of what exists in England were either disputed or were generally ignored at home. When, however, the texts of all the books and of all the articles are considered and their different utterances compared each with the other, the conclusion cannot be the same. It seems, then, that in some way it must all be addressed to an outside indifference, disbelief, or expressed undervaluation, that the world of the European continent, and perhaps of the American continent as well, is committed to; and that English writers are uneasy because of a certain contempt on the part of foreigners for English art, at least in its monumental capacity. This constant assertion that things are a great deal better in England than people suppose appears disagreeably in the volumes that we are considering, though less than in other books which could be named; and it is curiously different from the quiet assumption on the part of French writers that everything Gothic, even everything Romanesque, and everything of the revived classic out of Italy, has its centre and its main interest within the limits of modern France. That assumption seems to be the perfectly unconscious ignoring of the claims of other countries, and is based upon the really immense achievement in origination which no one can deny to the French. On the other hand, the English writers, notoriously belonging to the most travelled and the most widely curious race in Europe, if not the most scientifically disposed, assume an air of protest and of explanation which is vexatious enough. This narrowness of mind is not, however, the special characteristic of the book under consideration; rather, indeed, should the Conclusion (chapter xv. of the abridgment) be looked upon as an excellent treatise on Tradition in Architecture, and on the diverging course of this tradition in the different lands of western Europe, including England. If the unlucky words "our," and "we," and "us" could be kept out of artistic history, if the writers were compelled to treat the art of their own country as an outsider would, as a matter of course, treat it—that is to say, with apparently unbiassed comparison of land with land, people with people, epoch with epoch, building with building—the appearance and also the reality of Chauvinism would be almost wholly removed, at least from the best books, among which each of Mr. Blomfield's treatises must certainly be included.

Essai d'une Psychologie politique du Peuple anglaise au XIXe Siècle. Par Émile Boutmy. Paris: Armand Colin. 1901.

Whatever M. Boutmy chooses to write will be read with pleasure, and what he has heretofore written concerning the English Constitution has commanded the approval of competent critics. This essay contains much that is suggestive. It is full of clever observations and of delicate appreciations. Nevertheless, if we seriously consider the theories which it contains, disregarding the charms of style, we cannot say that it great-

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ly increases our knowledge. To read it is like listening to a pretty and vivacious woman. We are entertained; the time passes agreeably; but we do not feel that we have penetrated to the truth of the questions discussed. So far as regards understanding the political psychology of the English people, we are like the person referred to in the Scriptures, who, after seeing his face in the glass, goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is.

The truth is, that generalizations concerning thirty or forty millions of people, the descendants of ancestors belonging to many different races, and existing under quite diverse conditions, require to be very carefully guarded. Huxley asked, What is meant by the term "Frenchman"? Many races are combined to make him, and the characteristics of the Breton are quite different from those of the Norman or the Savoyard. When we speak of the English people as a whole, do we include the Celts of Ireland and Scotland, the Danes, the Saxons, the Normans, and the Welsh? Obviously, if we lump them all together, we must overlook an infinite number of differences in order to lay hold of a few rather attenuated similarities. If we try climate as an explanation, instead of race, we are even worse off. M. Boutmy informs us that the humidity of the air, the obscuration of the sun, the fog and the rain, not only cause clothing to be thick and houses warm in England, but create initiative and prudence among the inhabitants. This sounds highly philosophical; but let us cross St. George's Channel, and our generalizations come to grief. We have not changed the *cœlum*, but we have changed the *animum*. Cloud and rain have not caused the Irish to be well clad or well housed, or made them distinguished for enterprise and forethought. And if we would generalize concerning the man of the South, we must remember that the rigorous lives of the Spartans and the Romans are not easily explained by the influence of the climate which now produces "une sorte de dilettantisme passif et raffiné." That inveterate fallacy of the plurality of causes still besets the path of the political philosopher, as it did in the days of Buckle.

When M. Boutmy has concluded his perfunctory if elegant attempt to show why certain traits and institutions must have been caused by racial and climatic conditions, he passes on to a field where more scientific results are attainable. No longer endeavoring to find reasons why things must be as they are, he turns his great powers of observation and description to good account. He discourses intelligently on the political history of England, and traces the development of her laws and institutions. There is still rather too much of the *a-priori* method in his reasoning; he complains that English statesmen pay more attention to what is expedient and attainable than to the requirements of abstract systems of political philosophy. But his criticisms of English institutions are highly suggestive, and we are indirectly led to an understanding of the psychology of the French people by means of the comparisons which M. Boutmy presents. We cannot defend the anomalies and absurdities of English law; but we are inclined to hesitate at the suggestion that French law is superior. For M. Boutmy, France is still the standard of civilization by which the institutions of other peoples are tested; but his study of royalty in England suggests that he is not unaware of what the French people have suffered by destroying this potent influence. They have lost ideals for which no substitute has been found.

A few sentences from the concluding pages of this essay contain the chief generalizations which M. Boutmy has reached. The English people, he says, remains and will remain highly individualist, with little capacity for sympathy and with little desire for it, very haughty even in the humility of an intense devotion, despising other races and unfit to mingle with them, incapable of comprehending the solidarity of the civilized world, inclined to divide questions and indifferent to the idea of reuniting them in the harmony of a vast synthesis, using logic more to make apologies after action than to discover new horizons, more inclined to follow a statesman than to adhere to a system of principles, free from the revolutionary spirit, yet producing many original personalities. How these conclusions are reached and illustrated may be better learned from reading M. Boutmy's work than from any summary not extending to the dimensions of a treatise.

Fifty Years of Work in Canada, Scientific and Educational: Being Autobiographical Notes by Sir William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Rankine Dawson, M.A., M.D. London: Ballantine, Hanson & Co. 1901.

The second title of this book, "Autobiographical Notes," gives the clue to its character. It is not a volume of memoirs, but a collection of jottings. In 1892, after a severe illness, Sir William Dawson gave up active work and passed his remaining years in retirement. So long as his strength lasted, he was never idle, and the compilation of these reminiscences may be called the latest of his self-imposed tasks. Viewed broadly, the record which he has thus left of himself seems more a *compte rendu* of accomplished work than a mirror of sentiments, of opinions about life, or of intellectual and spiritual transitions. Those who may look for intimate details of thought and habit will be disappointed, but the book should be measured by the nature of its design. While it does not give the stranger a very just impression of Dawson's personality, it furnishes some means of estimating his services to geological science in Canada and to Canadian education.

A man who, besides lecturing twenty hours a week, can build up a school into a university and furnish his bibliographer with more than 500 titles, is certainly turning his powers to account. Dawson's general reputation rests partly upon his books, and partly upon certain distinctions which he gained. In 1881 he was awarded the Lyell medal of the Geological Society; in 1882 he became President of the American Association, in 1886 of the British Association; and he was the first President of the Royal Society of Canada. This list, however, is not a complete index of his achievements, for it leaves out all reference to the success of his educational labors. At the cost of incessant toil he created a degree of interest in secondary and higher education which had either not existed in eastern Canada before his day, or had been unable to assume a well-organized form.

Dawson's dates are 1820-1899. He was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and had his first training at one of the best schools in Canada, Pictou Academy. From there he went to Edinburgh University. Partly owing to a break in the continuity of his studies, and partly to the limitations of scientific teaching at Edinburgh, he was largely self-taught. On the other hand, he had the great good luck of being the first to open up extensively the fine subject of Acadian geology. He had, too, the advantage of being associated at times in field work with Lyell and Logan.

The most interesting section of these notes, if we consider personal details, is that which relates to Dawson's difficulties in Nova Scotia when he was not acting as Superintendent of Education. For financial reasons he could not give himself over wholly to pure science, and for several years prior to 1855 he stood at the head of the educational system in Nova Scotia. The London *Times*, in its obituary notice, made the strange mistake of saying that Dawson was not a good speaker. He was a ready and effective speaker on a wide range of subjects, and he got his first training when Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia.

It was through Sir Edmund Head that Dawson left Nova Scotia and transferred himself to Montreal, where he lived from 1855 forward. McGill College, which was then at low ebb, needed a Principal, and asked the Governor of the Two Canadas for counsel. He suggested Dawson's name, and an appointment followed. We have no space in which to describe the toilsome process of creating a university by slow stages out of almost nothing. But, besides saying that this was Dawson's highest achievement, we may point out that it was accompanied by splendid unselfishness whenever a sacrifice of time, or energy, or money was demanded. One does not find in an autobiography any notice of gifts and loans to students which were taken out of salary, or of a personal solicitude which often assumed touching forms, but there must be not a few to whom such facts are well known.

As to allotment of space, the balance is in favor of education rather than of science. While Dawson was a true student, he had a born instinct for the transaction of business. Leaving McGill University out of account, he did a great deal for the schools of Canada which has left its mark upon the country and finds its place among these recollections. The writer's practical cast of mind, together with his hearty acceptance of Christian beliefs, is reflected here by the prominence of public questions and the absence of moral or philosophical speculations. But there is a passage in his preface which puts one quickly into possession of his attitude toward nature and human duty.

"I may add here, that, in so far as I have had any success as a teacher of Natural Science, it has been due to my reverent regard for every natural object as the handiwork of the Divine Creator, and as consequently a sacred thing, the description or illustration of which was to supersede altogether any consideration of personal display or reputation. This is, I believe, the true secret of any power to influence young people, whether with regard to natural objects or as to higher things. Whether the object referred to be the scale of a moth's wing or the structure of a mountain, it has, for the time being, to be regarded as the work of God, and therefore transcendently above either the speaker or the hearer."

We may say, in conclusion, that Dawson's extremely happy life amid his own family

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is reflected in these pages only by scattered references. How much Lady Dawson helped him and shared his interests may, indeed, be inferred from more than one allusion, but a most attractive chapter is lost to us through a reticence which can hardly be blamed in the present age of published confidences. One limitation of the work will be found in its fragmentary character, and another, perhaps, in the prominence which is given to local details. But this memorial of a strenuous and useful career will not fail to attract the attention of those whose interest in natural science was quickened by Dawson's books, and of those who knew him as an admirable teacher.

The Indian Borderland (1880-1900). By Col. Sir T. Hungerford Holdich, K.C.I.E., C.B., F.S.A. With twenty-two illustrations and a map. London: Methuen & Co. 1901.

In these four hundred pages are recorded the rich results of twenty years of untiring toil in the interest of civilization. It is a book well planned, well written, attractive, at times exciting, and not without artistic touches that lend a vivid charm to the narrative. In all probability, however, not one in a hundred of those who have read Gen. Roberts's dramatic tale will even look at this, a work infinitely more interesting, and one that records events of greater importance. A general, rushing across the stage with blare of trumpet and flash of sword, engaged in a spectacular exploit of no lasting value, compared with an explorer battling with Nature and slowly winning one of the enduring victories of science—it is not surprising that the former is a more popular figure; but the latter does more credit to the last century.

Col. Holdich's service ended during the little unpleasantness of 1897. Obliged by the civilian's rule to retire on the day he was fifty-five, he left his force on the field and devoted himself to completing the story of his twenty years of good work, which covered all the period from the Afghan war of 1879 to the Tirah expedition, from a time when practically nothing was known of the country called Borderland, to the present day when the whole country west and north of the Khaibar is surveyed and mapped. Though a civilian, he had no peaceable time of it, and, despite the contrast just drawn, there are accounts of fighting, betrayal, and sudden death to satisfy those in search of the picturesque. But the difference lies in the fact that here all that is military is subordinated to something higher. Slaying only when attacked, his real war was with the wilderness, the unexplored peak, the ice-filled cloud, the deadly sun of the Afghan plain. There are so many view-points from which this book is valuable that a reviewer can scarcely do more than indicate them. Historically, Col. Holdich's work presents the only reliable account of the changes that have taken place in the last generation from the Khaiber to Herat. Geographically, the book is a revelation. Indeed, it "makes geography," whether in defining the limits between Russia and the British empire, or in describing Baluchistan, or in naming the three valley-names of the Kunar, or in pointing out how Chitral is absolutely useless to its conquerors, or in showing the strategical value of Quetta, or in defining as undefinable the vague conglomeration known to Europeans (but not to the natives) as Afghanistan, or in explaining that geographic and ethnographic mystery known as Kafirstan, where (as the author believes) descendants of the Hellenes still sing hymns to Bacchus—a strange race, whose favorite amusement is racing up and down hill for exercise on one leg. This is an item recorded apparently at haphazard by the observant author, who also in the same way notices the extraordinary expertness of the Beluch warrior in throwing stones; "heaving rocks" with accurate aim being his specialty. The Sanskrit scholar remembers with a pleasurable thrill that some of the allies in the epic war are renowned especially as "one-legged heroes," and that another clan was famed for its members' extraordinary accuracy in throwing rocks, and wonders how many such "myths of the epic" will turn out to be historical.

But if one desires a record of steep mountain-climbing under unsurpassed conditions of difficulty and danger, one may read the lively account of the ascent of the mountain peak in Wazirstan, never before or since ascended by Europeans, where, after the guide had addressed an apparently "empty hillside," and the great climb had been made without molestation, a backward sweep of the telescope revealed, what had been forethought, that all the hidden hostile clan had mustered in the rear, prepared to dispute the descent. The battle that ensued is graphically described. Another chapter tells of the ascent of the Takht-i-Suliman, and the exciting task of outmanœuvring another savage clan. Bits of curious information are strewn at random through the narrative, some of them simply amusing, as when one reads that the Jamshidi dogs have learned how to play 'possum with the marmots, and make use of the curiosity of these little creatures to tempt them to their death; or that a Nasir chief, on burying the hatchet, "received a robe of honor and a yet higher and more valued recognition, which lifted him above the level of all the local *khans*—he was allowed to sit in a chair." Other anecdotes are rather grim. One subject of the Amir became too popular. His downfall was prophesied by an Afghan official in the words: "There is no hope for him; he is so ill that the Amir has sent his own doctor to attend him." Needless to say, the doctor did his duty. Another method of getting rid of a faithful coreligionist whom the Amir could not decently have executed, was to order him to sit on a raised platform. The Amir did not kill him, but he was not allowed to come down. The sun and hunger did the rest.

But Col. Holdich has eyes for many things besides triangulation and customs. This from Herat:

"The time for scarlet tulips to decorate the hillside had come. They were there in patches of vermilion, and hung about the blue hill landscape in vivid contrast. Purple thistles and wild poppies and roses were of slightly later bloom; but there were even then beds of the graceful white opium-poppy, varied with a slate-colored beauty, massed in patchwork about the feet of old gateways and *minars*, and wasting a sleepy perfume over the acres of the dead. The villages of the valley were buried in orchards, now scattering their wealth of pink and white blossom idly to the passing winds. Lucerne beds were already knee-deep in luscious greenery, and the odor of scented willow pervaded the moist, hot air."

The author doubts whether roses were introduced from Persia. Also indigenous, but not to Kafirstan, are real oaks, "giants among the oak tribe," not the inferior ilex of the Himalayas.

The most important survey was that of the Pamirs. Here it was found that, in making triangulations, great care had to be taken to avoid awkward errors due to the local action of the mountain masses on the level; but on the 9th of September, 1895, the last pillar was set up: "Amidst the voiceless waste of a vast white wilderness 20,000 feet above the sea, absolutely inaccessible to man and within the ken of no living creature but the Pamir eagles; there these three great empires actually meet."

One of the strange contrasts of war and peace is found in the fact that at the very moment when other Englishmen were fighting for their lives at Chitral, Holdich and his men were being peaceably led up the Bozasar peak by part of the same tribe that was besieging his countrymen thousands of feet below, and both English and Kafir climbers knew what was going on in the valley beneath them. Though Col. Holdich speaks with due reserve, it is clear that he believes that the Amir played the British false in 1897, and was the moving cause of the "holy war." It seems a shame that England must allow herself to be regularly blackmailed by this potentate, but he still draws his nine lakhs a year for not disputing the Kafir boundary, which boundary is the "visible expression of our present determination to set a limit to a 'forward' policy."

A short appendix gives a lucid account of the history of Afghanistan. It is seldom that in this compass so rich a contribution is made to so many fields of knowledge. Col. Holdich's book gives with great modesty the record of a life-work whereof any man might well be proud.

The Philosophy of Religion in England and America. By Alfred Caldecott. The Macmillan Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. xvi+434.

Since much of what appears about the theory of religion is put forth without sufficient acquaintance with what else there is to be said, it seemed desirable to give a conspectus of what has been done all over the field. This might have been accomplished in different ways; or, rather, the chief emphasis and effort might have been put upon different parts of the task. That which Dr. Caldecott has chiefly, though not exclusively, aimed to do has been to take up each writer of any importance—perhaps a hundred and twenty or thirty of them—and, without entering into the merits of the controversy, to state intelligibly what that writer's position, method, and style are, to exhibit sufficient of his argument to show his place in the discussion, to give a critical estimate of his thought, and to inform the reader as to his reception and following; in short, to produce a sort of book-notice of the works of each writer such as a thoughtful evening newspaper might like to give. In this aspect of the work it is simply admirable. The author has a remarkable power of finding out just what is in a book, and what is not in it, and what its idiosyncrasy is. He is accurate, careful, calm, appreciative, many-sided. His power of reasoning is good enough to make any reader of philosophy glad to learn his opinion of a book, while it does not penetrate so deep beneath the surface that the aptness of his judgments can miss recog-

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nition for their extreme profundity. His style is always savory; and where occasion is, he can write with finesse or with impressiveness. In one word, it is safe to say that there exists no directory to any branch of modern philosophy that is half or quarter as useful as this book is destined to be found.

Dr. Caldecott distributes the philosophies with which he deals into types; and it will dispose any reader to confess his need of the information that this publication furnishes, to learn that those types are in number no fewer than thirteen. This leads us to notice the second purpose of the book, which is to classify and consider the various types of thought which have been pursued, with a view of extracting therefrom lessons as to what should be tried next. It was, we dare say, beyond human powers to classify in a satisfactory way all the writers that had to be dealt with. But any well-trained logician would have avoided the worst faults of the classification of Dr. Caldecott, who, although Professor of Logic, is weak in that direction. At any rate, competent logicians will easily convince themselves that Caldecott is not of their number by turning to what he says of Dr. Samuel Clarke's so-called demonstration of the existence of a God, in which our author sees a "singular mixture of assertion and ratiocination" which has so puzzled him that he has "sorted out" Clarke's pretended demonstrations in two different ways before satisfying himself as to what the nature of the argument really was. Now, in an ordinary reader nothing could be more pardonable than a perplexity about Clarke's meaning. Indeed, it would rather be a sign that the reader's ways of reasoning were sound and healthy than the reverse. For, as John Caird pretty accurately says, "it is a piece of meaningless jargon." But to a reader well versed in logic there is nothing singular about the argument, nor anything to hinder its being understood at a first reading. Clarke's notions of demonstration were false enough, but they were shared by almost all his contemporaries, particularly by Spinoza. The difference between those two writers was that with Spinoza the living thought did not pursue that erroneous method, which, in his case, was merely the garb in which it was clad after it was full-grown—and even then only imperfectly, since it does not accurately conform to the logical rules which it acknowledges. Clarke's reasoning, on the other hand, satisfies those requirements to the full, for it was constructed to do so, and never aimed at anything truer. Its sole merit is that of conforming to futile rules.

The division of thinkers into types would no doubt have been a good idea if it had been restricted to the separation on logical grounds of the histories of widely disparate lines of thinking, leaving smaller subdivisions to be drawn by the historical associations and dissociations themselves. What, unless it was the mysterious fatality of the number thirteen, should have possessed the author to make so many divisions on purely rational grounds that it becomes a nice question in what compartment almost any given author may be most appropriately pigeon-holed—thus calling for parallel histories, in equal number, of movements not historically distinct—one is at a loss to imagine. The consequence is that there is little genuine history in the book, whose parts are brought into relation only by the cement of rather fictitious reflections. It will appear to many that an account of the philosophy of religion in England and America which includes Emerson, treating the 'Essay on the Over-Soul' as natural theology, yet excludes the 'Substance and Shadow' of Henry James, the father, does not thoroughly comprehend its own purpose. The author is not sufficiently acquainted with American thought.

The great utility of this work as a compendium remains untouched. Even if the author is not strong enough to stem the tide of an ephemeral public judgment, as in the importance he allows to Balfour's stuff, this does not in the least matter; or perhaps is a positive convenience. We may add that it is a very agreeable book to read. Its natural style never tires. Its excellent index compensates for all faults of classification. It is printed, not on that beautiful paper so much in vogue which everybody likes who detests reading, and everybody detests who likes reading, but on a laid paper on which the ink takes black, and which gives a book of 450 pages weighing only a pound and a half, cover and all. That, in itself, ought to double the sale of it.

Substitutes for the Saloon. By Raymond Calkins. An Investigation made for the Committee of Fifty under the direction of Francis G. Peabody, Elgin R. Gould, and William M. Sloane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901. Pp. xviii, 397.

The striking point about this book is its sheer good sense. There are men who frequent saloons because they want alcohol; there are men who frequent saloons because they want company, and who drink more than they wish to and when they do not wish to, rather than be left in solitude. It is very wisely for this second class of men only that the author seeks to find efficient substitutes for the saloon. He discusses such substitutes as have already been tried—Clubs of the People, Clubs for the People, the Mission, the Settlement, the Young Men's Christian Association, Lunch Rooms and Coffee Houses, English Temperance Houses—and makes a number of suggestions for their improvement; notably in the matter of choice of location, furnishings, supply of gymnasia, and organization of amusements.

The book is so free from impractical speculation that it is almost misleading to speak of the author's "ideal," though he has an ideal, namely, to make the saloon so far as possible, by legislation and otherwise, a place for drinking simply, not for lounging, and to supply the people with places of meeting in which they will find as nearly as may be all the attractions of the saloon and none of its temptations to excess.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albalat, Antoine. La Formation du Style par l'Assimilation des Auteurs. Paris: Armand Colin.
Allen, Grant. Colin Clout's Calendar. New ed. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Antrobus, C. L. Wildersmoor. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Bagot, Richard. Casting of Nets. John Lane.
Bankes, N. An Eton Boy's Letters. Cassell & Co.
Besant, Walter. The Story of King Alfred. D. Appleton & Co.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Woman Alone. (Town and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co.
Clow, F. R. Introduction to the Study of Commerce. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.25.
Coogler, J. G. Purely Original Verse. New and enlarged ed. Columbia (S. C.): Published by the Author. $1.
Donahue, T. L. Trolley Yarns, and Other Tales. F. Tennyson Neely Co.
Ely, R. T. An Introduction to Political Economy. New ed. Eaton & Mains. $1.20.
Fletcher, W. I., and Poole, Mary. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature, Abridged Edition covering Thirty-seven Important Periodicals, 1815-99. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Gribble, Francis. Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50.
Hallworth, Joseph. Arline Valère. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Japp, A. H. Darwin. London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 2s.
Jerrold, Walter. Surrey. (Dent's County Guides.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Kenyon, J. B. Poems. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Lawrence, E. G. The Lawrence System of Vocal and Physical Education. The Lawrence Pub. Co.
Manley, Frederick. The Merchant of Venice. (Laurel Classics.) Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.
Margoliouth, D. S. Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.50.
Morris, Charles. The Handy Dictionary of Biography. Henry T. Coates & Co.
Nery, Baron de Santa Anna. The Land of the Amazons. London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
Parker, Mary M. A Girl of Chicago. F. Tennyson Neely Co.
Paston, George. Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Phipps, Sarah E. The Old House by the Sea. F. Tennyson Neely Co.
Richards, Laura E. Goeffrey Strong. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.
Rynd, Evelyne E. Mrs. Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Silver, R. N. A Daughter of Mystery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Stephens, R. N. Captain Ravenshaw. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
The Chronicle Fire Tables for 1901. The Chronicle Co.
Tozer, H. F. An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia. Henry Frowde. 8s. 6d.
Trench, Herbert. Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems. John Lane.

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"Our Friend the Charlatan," the latest work by George Gissing, ought then to please the readers of the Nation.

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